

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
JUN 1 1883
No. 6260
CITY OF WASHINGTON

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted for 1883, by RICHARD K. FOX, PROPRIETOR POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883.

VOLUME XLII.—No. 298.
Price Ten Cents.



MEETING HALF WAY.

A NEW YORK BELLE AND A BROOKLYN BEAUTY WHO HAD BEEN ESTRANGED MEET ON THE CENTRE OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AND EFFECT A RECONCILIATION.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, June 9, 1883.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Copy, one year, \$4 00
One Copy, six months, 2 00
One Copy, three months, 1 00
Sample Copy sent on receipt of Ten Cents.
Postage, to all subscribers in the United States.
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square and Dover Street (P. O. Box 40), New York City.
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or post-office money order.

100,000 A WEEK!

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,
Out Every Sunday, Price 5 Cents.

Is pre-eminently the brightest, snappiest and best sensational illustrated dramatic and sporting Sunday newspaper ever given to the public. It is the only pictorial Sunday newspaper published in America, and is issued every Sunday morning simultaneously in New York and all towns east of the Mississippi river.

Price 5 cents. For sale everywhere.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

THE grandest feature in the great bridge celebration was the POLICE GAZETTE building, and there was no rubbing it out.

THE dude sailors of New York yacht clubs had better go no farther than playing matelot. When they manage to upset sea-going craft in a capful of wind in New York bay, imagine the disastrous results of giving them a trick at the wheel out of sight of land.

NEW YORK has had an awful sore head over that bridgeracket of the conniving Brooklyn politicians. They call it a wedding of the two cities, but Gotham, the bridegroom, acts as if it had been trapped into the union, and all the joy is on the part of the bride.

THE Brooklyn people can throw their bridge over the river and come over to New York, but they can't "come over" us. Not much. The POLICE GAZETTE is higher than their footway, and we look down on them and their doings. We're a "way-up" establishment, we tell you!

A FASHIONABLE parson in New York has been sermonizing on the topic, "Pity the Poor Millionnaires." This need excite no wonder, for their poorness of spirit is worse than the poor man's poorness of purse—that is, such samples of them as we have under our eye in Gotham.

At last accounts no more yachts had been sunk by the dandy yachtmen of New York. The season has only just opened, however, and that accounts for the lack of exciting nautical incidents of this sort. There will be plenty of such fun before the summer is half over and the conceit is taken out of the amateur sailors.

GEN. CROOK is still in the mountains of New Mexico, with a handful of men, hunting the wily Apache. But what if the noble red man should turn about and hunt Crook? It's no even thing he doesn't, for the Indian is no slouch in making strategic points in his skirmishing style of warfare, and we fear the veteran has got himself in a pretty tight place this time.

EVEN sober Brooklyn has got "high" over her new bridge. She has "come over" New York, as well as come over to it. The tide of population has been tapped and will tend to Long Island rather than to the upper wards of Gotham, that is plain. No wonder that the New Yorkers talk of dynamite in connection with the bridge.

FRED GERHARD is on the warpath. He engaged in a set-to, off hand, the other night in front of Delmonico's with young Mr. William Sanford, because of some jocular remarks passed by the latter on Mrs. Langtry. In the slogging Freddie had decidedly the worst of it. In fact, Sanford was the slogger and he the sloggee. Freddie said Sanford should hear from him again. That means a challenge, of course, but up to the time of going to press the POLICE GAZETTE had received no deposit for a match. Can it be possible Freddie is going to take water? Come, come, Freddie, brace up and have some pugilistic style about you. Richard K. Fox will back you and hire Madison square garden for a match with soft gloves, and we'll warrant Langtry never had such a house as you could draw. Come, now, what do you say?

NOW WHAT sensation is Ben Butler going to get up next? His Tewksbury business seems to have petered out, and he must rake up something new to keep the pot boiling. If he wants to make a real sensation, let him propose to abolish the Pilgrim Fathers and their rock. That will hit the right place and raise a tempest. He tried it by ridiculing George Washington and the patriot congress, and it wouldn't work; but if he goes for the Pilgrim daddies in the same time he'll fetch it sure.

AMONG the features of one of the meetings of Moody and Sankey in New York a couple of Sundays go, was Cyrus W. Field, who took part in the mummeries with a suspicious fervor. When the devil begins to get religion there must be money in it. What's up; is there any prospecting going on for a holy railroad up the heavy grades of Zion? There must be some racket like that afo t when all the railroad kings begin to cast their eyes heavenward.

MAYOR EDSON looked real moral as he passed our office in the procession across the bridge on May 24. Although he was surrounded by church people he managed to tip us a wink and took in our grand establishment with a look of glowing pride peculiar to every New Yorker who views our palatial quarters. The POLICE GAZETTE's palatial quarters rivalled the big bridge in admiration on the gala day, and none was more ready to acknowledge it than the moral Mayor himself.

THE monopolists have hit on a new fashion. They are all getting religion as a help to their business. Suppose we take to the new racket, too, and open our sparring matches and the meetings of sports in our office with prayer. Very naturally the public would begin to doubt us, and they would be right. The thief who should knock you down with a hymn book or gag you with a wad of tracts would be none the less a thief from the religious quality of his weapons. That's the kind of Christian the Wall street shark makes. Look out for him.

A WAIL is going up. More than one-third the Presbyterian churches in the land, they say, have vacant pulpits and there is no one to fill them. These are all the pulpits of the poor congregations, of course. The fat jobs are all held with a firm grip. Holy Joe has an eye to the loaves and fishes. He preaches self-denial and mortification of the flesh, but he keeps a secret eye for the biggest boodle and the prettiest sisters in the congregation. He wants you to shut your eyes and have faith; but he won't shut his—he keeps them wide open for the main chance all the time.

WHEN the man who swindled all the leading actors on the pretence that he was a reporter, was captured, he proved to be the most brutal, ignorant looking person imaginable. That the leading stars could have been swindled by a person of manifestly so low an order of intelligence is a humiliating commentary on their own brain equipment. We don't believe it, though. We think Billy Florence was the only real "sucker," and the rest are coming forward with their cries of "Me too!" just for the "ad." We know these people pinch a dollar till the goddess squeals, and they are not likely to be taken in by any subscription racket. Too thin. Try again.

THEY haven't the light of the POLICE GAZETTE in Canada, and all the officials have joined the parsons in having a good time on the crooked plan without the fear that any one will betray their wickedness. One night two weeks ago, a chief of police made a raid on a bawdy house in a Canada town (a correspondent says it was Stratford, but the cowardly toadying Canadian press leave it blank) and arrested in the mob, the mayor and two-thirds of the town council—all members of the church in high standing. No wonder they don't want the POLICE GAZETTE in Canada. We speak out, call sinners by name, tell the truth and shame the devil, and do lots of things that would be distasteful to the crooked officials and religious hypocrites of the dominion. Ours is a journal of light, and they need darkness for their deeds.

WHILE Mayor Edson has been drawing a pious face, hobnobbing with church people, forbidding sparring matches planned by the awful POLICE GAZETTE, and preventing the performance of passion plays, there has been thievery going on all around him. Thousands of dollars of the people's money have been stolen right under his nose, and he doesn't seem to be eager to let all the truth be known and to bring all the guilty to punishment. The tendency is to throw all the blame on a clerk who, being dead, cannot be punished. We told you these awfully religious and moral people were no company for us. Their ways are not our ways. We believe in speaking right out and throwing light on all subjects. They believe in reticence, secrecy and hypocrisy. Let the public choose between us. We think, of the two, Richard K. Fox cuts the better figure just now.

Now the bridge is open; and Brooklyn, relieved of its onerous task of celebrating, has a chance to settle its local wrangles on the details of the festivities. There's a great row over there because Beecher wasn't taken into account in the oratorical spread-eagle business of the occasion, and all the rival railroad capitalist crooks are pushing, tugging, gouging, biting and slogging to be first to get in their hooks on the railroad traffic. The poor public that must pay stands off and views this spectacle of the battle of the beasts of prey for its precious carcass with that dazed mental condition that Providence mercifully imposes on the poor victim.

WE have it "straight" from a correspondent in Europe of the American press that a month and more ago, twenty snobbish American families made up a big purse to pay a correspondent for giving prominence to their names as attendants on the ceremonies of the coronation of the Czar of Russia. And yet these are people whose grandfathers came over in the steerage, and who used to clamor for the rights of the people and argue the brotherhood of man. Then the war came to give them a chance to rake in fortunes with their shoddy contracts, and now they want to go on record as near to the throne of the autocrat of the Russias as they can get. Isn't it sickening?

THE cloven hoof of the railroad monopolists is visible, not only in the management, but in the altered plan and completion of the great East river bridge. All the room of the structure is taken up for the railroads. The public who walk are cramped on a narrow footway totally inadequate for the uses for which it was intended. If the public, instead of the railroad speculators, had been served, there would have been no car tracks on the bridge at all. Omnibuses would have satisfied the public, and there would have been more room and more comfort. But then there would have been less money for the monopolists, and Cyrus couldn't have got his hooks in, and the elevated roads couldn't have made connections, and lots of other things. We see all these points, but there's no use in "kicking," we suppose.

THE scarcity of parsons and the reluctance of young men to go into the ministry is being treated gravely by the secular as well as the religious press under the heading, "Alarming Famine of Preachers." We see nothing alarming about it. It would be alarming, indeed, for young husbands with religiously inclined brides if the breed of dominies were on the increase. It does not seem to have occurred to the philosophers of the press that the POLICE GAZETTE is responsible in a great measure for this falling off in the number of parsons. We have exposed so many of them that it is no wonder their forces begin to show signs of thinning out, and we have posted young husbands and the fathers of families so fully on the games of the parson and the meaning of his pastoral visits that there is no longer any lecherous reward held out to induce young hypocrites to put on the cloak of religion over the figure of the Don Juan. If parsons are to be no longer deadheads in love, with a free swing in holy lechery, owing to the "give away" diatribes of that awful POLICE GAZETTE, then there's going to be no inducement for new recruits to come to the front and fill the places of those we have bowled over. That's what's the matter with the pulpit and the parsons—it's the POLICE GAZETTE and its religious news.

THE POLICE GAZETTE is blushing under the praises of its thousands of friends who attended the grand reception and banquet given by Richard K. Fox in the POLICE GAZETTE establishment on May 24, the occasion being the opening ceremonies of the Brooklyn bridge. The immense establishment was filled with many distinguished friends and admirers on that occasion, who shared our hospitality, and seemed to enjoy it even more than they did the pageantry of the bridge parade and ceremonials which they had come to witness. That we have filled the hall so completely makes us proud indeed. The written assurances from all parts to this effect come in to us by every mail in such profusion that we feel called upon to acknowledge them in this proud paragraph, and our readers will pardon us if we plume ourselves a little vainly under the impulse of this encouragement over our success in managing an entertainment that embraced so many thousands, and yet passed off with the utmost pleasure to all. We passed a very pleasant holiday in devoting ourself to the pleasure of our friends, and their assurances that our efforts were not in vain make us happy indeed. The POLICE GAZETTE holds the place in the bridge festivities that we intended it should hold—one of the most prominent and admirable features. We're always to the front, and our friends who could not be with us on that day will be glad to have assurance that, as usual, we did not get left.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit,
Culled from Many Sources.

A PLUCKY job—Dressing fowls.

SHOULD oarsmen wear scull caps?

CAN a goat be relied upon in court as an evidence in rebuttal?

A PROMISING young man—The fellow who always says "I'll see you later."

THE gossip is like a bicycle, in that she is exceedingly liable to run a person down.

WHAT'S in a name? Well, if it's a Russian name we should answer, the alphabet.

THE real glove fight occurs when a woman tries to put on a No. 6 glove on a No. 7 hand.

Now is the time to lend your skates to your poor neighbor. It will show your generosity.

THE most difficult arithmetic that a man has to face is when he tries to reconcile a \$20 salary with a \$30 wife.

EATING onions not only prevents the lips from chapping, but usually keeps the chaps from lipping.

LATIN has now become virtually a dead language, being chiefly used by physicians in writing their prescriptions.

DOCTORS are generous men. Who ever knew of a doctor rushing out to chase away boys who were taking fruit from his trees?

It is said that much of the recent prosperity in the South is due to the slipshod manner in which all Northern drummers play poker.

"A LITTLE too much repose about the mouth for it to be natural," was the remark of a husband to a Bowery photographer who had taken his wife's photograph.

TALMAGE says no man can do more than one thing well. This may explain why it is impossible for a sensational preacher to keep himself before the public and save souls at the same time.

THE war department recently advertised for proposals to furnish that department with 8,000 scrubbing brushes. It is very evident that the soldiers have caught an Indian and want to clean him.

A MAN always looks through his pockets four times before handing his coat to his wife to have a button sewed on, and even then he is filled with a nameless fear until the job is completed.

THE French have recently constructed a gun that will put a ball through 15 inches of armor. It weighs 50 tons, but is yet about 10 tons too light to shatter the cheek of an American book agent.

"My son," said an American father, "how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father, I'm not able to keep two women. If I married a Yankee girl I'd have to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

TALMAGE says spanking children should be done coolly, quietly, vigorously, and with the aim to let the lesson sink deep into their hearts. Mr. Talmage betrays an ignorance of anatomy that is deplorable.

RICH uncle to his physician: "So you think there is hope for me?" "Not only that, but I can assure you that you are saved." "Very well, I wish you would inform my nephew, but break the news gently to him."

A LITTLE boy astonished his companions the other day, by telling them that he had "a spanking team at his house." An excited crowd of boys had walked nearly home with him, when one of them asked: "What d'ye call 'em?" "Pa and ma," was the reply.

CYCLONES are becoming very frequent in the West, and when a young chap takes his girl out riding she softly murmurs: "Hold me tight, Charley. A cyclone might come along and blow me away from you." Even cyclones have their advantages.

A BROTHER of Sullivan, the pugilist, is reported at a ranch on Tongue River, M. T., giving sparring lessons to cowboys. When the cowboys commence giving Sullivan lessons in the use of the six shooter he will suddenly become a professor of pedestrianism instead of pugilism.

THE man that runs an auction,
And watches for a nod,
Must either be near-sighted,
Or else he's very odd.

For when you bid on something
He smiles with sweet content,
And thinks you nod a dollar
When you only nod assent.

"AND what, in the name of goodness, in this?" asked Mrs. David Davis, as the Senator lugged something into the room and dropped it at her feet. "This is my shirt, darling, and I will be greatly obliged if you will sew on a button for me." "David Davis," said the lady sternly, "when you bring me your shirt I will sew on a button for you with pleasure, as becomes a fond and dutiful wife; but just now, sir, I must insist upon your removing this circus-canvas from my apartment."

"DO you spell 'dog' with a capital D?" asked old Mr. Teuzleton, looking up from his desk. "If it's your dog, the big black and white one that was loose last night, yes," replied the junior bookkeeper, who was standing up, writing at a desk six inches too high for him, "spell it with the biggest D in the alphabet." And he went on with his work, while the old man sat and looked at him over his baleful spectacles for nearly ten minutes, wondering if he knew what the young man meant, and thinking he would ask his daughter about it when he got home.

OSEE the young girl,
In beauty rare,
Sans kink, sans curl—
Banging her hair!

And hear the young man
At the piano there,
Hard as he can—
Banging his air!

A young mother stands
Oppressed with care
With slipper in hand
Banging her hair!

STAGE WHISPERS.

A Dead Give Away of the "Property Men's" Rackets on the Road.

Why the Hotel Keepers Have Soured on the Dramatic Troupes, with Much Other Interesting Information.

AND now we know why the hotel proprietors are such surly old customers, and are all the time protesting that their profits are eaten up in some mysterious way. The item of towels alone must be considerable after the dramatic season is over and each property man has accumulated his five trunks full.

WHILE Comstock is getting into scrapping matches on his own account, and lugging off to the station house people who offend him, he is losing many fine chances to prove his policy has consistency for its guiding principle. They've been doing "Le Grand Casimir" in French right along at Daly's theatre, and Mayor Edson and the other highly moral people who have been to "Yurup," and who pretend they understand French, have been enjoying its nasty suggestiveness without let or hindrance. If this piece were played in plain English in a fourth-rate variety dive, the place would be pulled, and Comstock would be at the back of the pullers. Why is it not as wicked when it is played in French, and an audience of church people is being corrupted by it?

The cheek of a Montreal judge declaring in court that the opera "La Perichole" was too immoral for Canadian audiences! The most raffish and ill-bred audiences in the world are found in Toronto and Montreal, and literary fifth would be only too good for them. A gallery audience in either of these places is something awful. Such rowdies would not be tolerated in the United States through a single performance. They have the cheekiest sort of hypocrisy across the border. They're an ignorant blue-nose set, though, and any manager who is foolish enough to go across and attempt to give them a refined entertainment deserves loss and abuse. That's what happened to Maurice Grau when he took his French opera troupe over there among the barbarians, and now he's wise enough to stay away. The POLICE GAZETTE doesn't shed its light over Canada. What else can you expect but that it should be in the depths of mental and moral darkness, and under the heel of religious brats?

As we predicted, Boucicault's "Amadan" was a failure at the Star theatre. His son, a 19-year-old boy, was paraded as a youthful phenomenon, and did very well as the idiot boy; but the public taste for that style of thing has fallen off considerably of late years. The Irish drama of Boucicault's impossible style has no field to work on any longer. Boucley had better train the boy to some better artistic business than representing impossible types of Irish character. The Irish drama is dead. We are all tired of its monotonous methods. Isn't there a new French play you can start, Dion? Or maybe, in your old age, you might attempt, for the first time in your life, to write something original. At any rate, if you want to make that boy of yours acceptable with our public, you must parade him as a character actor, representing real life models. We're not going to put up with your old dramatic trasa rumped up for a nursery star. Let the boy grow, Dion. There's something in him; and, if you allow it to develop naturally, all may result well. Your interference, as far as it has gone, though, has been sadly detrimental to his prospects.

It is enough to make any ordinarily quarrelsome person sick to hear the talk of Gus Frohman, that shifty agent of the only Christian temple, the Madison square, talk about remodeling plays. He sits in judgment on the title of a new play for several weeks; and then, changing the name given it by the author to some idiotic Sunday school book appellation, breathes a sigh of relief; and, calling the reporters together, says he has "remodeled the whole piece until you wouldn't know it, sir." This is the same pretence Palmer used to make at the Union square. He got up quite a reputation for literary talent and dramatic knowledge by this means before he was found out. He changed the name of Bronson Howard's play from "Lillian's Lost Love" to "The Banker's Daughter," and to this day there are many blasted fools who are willing to give him the credit of having re-written the whole play. This pretence is about played out, and Frohman's imitation of the methods of that wily subject, Palmer, are likely to bring him ridicule instead of honors. Let him attend to his exclusive duty of extracting shekels from the Christians by devising new dodges of holiness and new rackets of hypocrisy, and he is accomplishing all he has capacity for. We like to sit down on these pretenders, and there's one pretty completely smashed, we think.

FLIP-FLAP BOB MILES boasts that he made \$12,000 out of the Cincinnati dramatic festival. Well, Barnum made more than that out of the woolly horse, which was something in the direct line of Bob's style of management. But Miles will find his hoodie will not go very far in paying up the losses he is sure to meet in his new theatre, the Bijou, in New York. By the way, we remark that although he and Sammy of the Entrails, made protestations at the start that they intended to make the place a first-class, distinctively American theatre, whatever that may be, their first step has been to adopt the name of an English theatre, the Criterion, and their next to send across the water for an English company. Faugh! What do these circus managers take the public for? They have got away with these shallow pretences so often before, that they think they will always serve the same money making purpose whenever they choose to revive them. We are determined, however, to expose the pretenders and their humbugs every time. This will make things the reverse of cordial for us at the box office of the Criterion next winter, we suppose; but then we won't feel very bad about it, for we are neither looking for bribes in money or dinners, nor favors in the form of free drinks or dead-head tickets. Therefore, whether Flip-flap Bob and Sammy of the Entrails, those precious partners, scowl or smile when we pass by, is immaterial to us. Our money is always good at the box office. It buys us critical independence, and frees us from the discipline and penance that most of our critical brethren of the press, who are not so "well fixed" or so high-spirited, have often to endure to their sore humiliation.

It makes us heartsick to pass along Union square these days of dramatic vacation. Such swarms of wretched-looking creatures who call themselves actors. Such crowds encumbering the sidewalks, such clusters of them in the open windows of the dramatic agencies, such numbers of them gabbling and guzzling in the beer saloons. What hope is there for the great majority of these intimated children of misfortune? None. They are the dead sure sacrifices to art. Next winter they will walk home just as they did last, and next summer they will wrestle with poverty, and only just pull through as they are going to do this. Much better seek a new field, though it were only driving a mule team. This is sound sense; but it would be as much as your life were worth to expound such doctrines of reason on the Square at high noon. It would be certain death, or at least a good pounding to the fresh expounder. Among these seedy people are some bright young men who deserve a better fate; but they are blind, and will never see their folly. Let them go. We have regrets for these few only. The many being ignoramuses, the dramatic profession seeming to naturally dazzle and attract such, we don't care what becomes of them. It were a good job if the dramatic flame were to not merely singe but consume them altogether.

THEY'RE nothing if not fly, those three colonels who run the three Brooklyn theatres. When the local authorities of Brooklyn were considering the best ways and means for celebrating the event of the opening of the bridge to the public traffic, the colonels foresaw that the night of the reception at the Academy of Music and fireworks on the bridge towers, with the extra attraction of a popular reception by the President, was going to leave them out in the cold. That night the show business would prove a dead loss unless something was done. They are not at all bashful, these three colonels, so they put their big heads together, and hatched an artful little plan. This was unfolded by Col. Sinn, who appeared before Mayor Low, and gave it to him straight. And it was a daisy project, indeed. What was it? Why, nothing less than that the mayor should throw all the theatres open free on the night of the bridge celebration, allowing the public to be all deadheads (the majority having attained that dignity already), and the city to reimburse the theatre managers. Mayor Low said he would consider it, but he didn't; for the dead-heads filled the theatres as usual, and the city didn't pay for them. There's nothing like cheek. It doesn't always succeed with people like Mayor Low, but it's a good quality for a theatre manager to have, for he'll catch his sucker sure, if he has pertinacity and gall in pushing his new ideas of this sort.

GREAT Scott! where do all the actors come from? And who are they? Who ever saw them act? The square is full of them already. You never saw such mobs in your life. The sidewalks are impassable for them at noonday. Who are they, anyhow? Such a lot of guys, dandies, cranks, fakes and hamfatters! All new ones, too. The old-timers we used to know seem to have been crowded out of sight altogether. Lord! What a spectacle they do make of themselves! And how they do talk shop! And what a disgusting mob they are generally! These brawlers of the bar-room, and orators of the sidewalks, artists indeed! We won't have it! We don't believe they ever acted. They talk too much about it. They do all their acting on the sidewalk. Such fellows, you will remark, can never do anything on the stage. We've soured on all these new sidewalk artists. They're no good. An actor has no need to hang about beer saloons and lounge his days away on the sidewalks any more than a member of any other profession. The reputable members of the profession, many of whom we are acquainted with, do not appear day after day in this precious mob. They prefer a home to a beer saloon; and the reputable ones have really homes, which they support by their intelligent and earnest exercise of professional experience and talent. The bums and hangers-on of the profession are becoming a disgrace to the reputable actor, and an intolerable nuisance to the public. Let them be sat upon.

Now they've got on a new advertising lay in behalf of Mary Anderson. They are sending her off to Europe with the best boom they know how to get up. With this design the papers are being worked over the old ground of Mary's goodness and refinement and virtue. William Connor, manager for McCullough, for instance, comes to the front and gives an interview about Mary, in which he makes her out the greatest genius, as an actress, that the world ever saw. He volunteers the statement, too, that Mary is a living proof of what virtue amounts to in an actress. He attributes all her talent and the entire successful application of it to this remarkable virtue. He seems in a state of wrapt awe and wonder as he regards this well-preserved virtue, and adds that this great and virtuous creature had for one of her first advisers no less a person than John McCullough. And yet she is virtuous. Is that what Manager Connor means is the cause of his wonder? We shouldn't wonder. But is Col. Ham sure he is on the right road in booming Mary for her English debut in this way? The English actresses who come over to us and then come over us afterward are not advertised in this way. They are not represented as creatures of iron virtue. Quite the reverse. If we were told they were that kind they probably would not command our dollars as they do. Mary is a good girl—that no one disputes; but we think it bad management to handicap her with hymn books, and cut down her chances with the weight of blue law morals. It will give the English a notion that they are going to see a specimen of the lean, lanky and too eminently proper Yankee schoolmarm. This is a positive injustice to the blooming Kentucky girl. It is more—it is decidedly idiotic on the part of Col. Ham and his coterie. Let Mary speak for herself abroad. There's too much talking for her altogether.

WHAT New York will stand in the way of opera and drama at the end of the season is vnderlaid. The cheek of the fly-by-night managers, though, is more wonderful still. After walking in from Kalamazoo they think nothing of lassoing a lot of dismal fakes from the beer saloons of the square and undertaking a snap season of even opera in a New York house in the hope that they may catch on to the amount of a few dollars before the public tumbles to the racket. The cheek of the thing is something astounding. It is becoming a regular practice, too, and the evil threatens to grow. Therefore we raise up our voice in protest to the fakes and in warning to the public. We have seen comic opera done in New York within a week or two by a company that was evidently gotten up of such materials as were laying around loose. They pretended to play "The Merry War," this precious crowd, and they did play merry Hades with it. In the whole crowd there was not one person who could act—

not one. They had no idea of histrionic proprieties or resources. If they had been cultivated singers we might have put up with their failure as actors, but their musical was little better than their histrionic talent. Dora Wiley was the best of them. She will pass, so we will throw her out of consideration. But Richard Golden. He surely isn't a singer. We'll bet he isn't an actor. What, then, was he doing in an opera before a New York audience? And then there was Mrs. Julie Rosewald, who toured the wilds of the west last season, engaged by Emma Abbott to play seconds because she was the only person in whom Emma could find nothing to be jealous of. The metropolis wasn't dying to hear her sing, and no one could say her singing could compensate for her lack of stage graces. What do these people think New York is? Why we have been listening to Patti and Nilsson and Albani all the winter, while they have been wrestling with the snowstorms and the one night stands of the west. We haven't been languishing for them. Why, we should think such people would come before a New York audience with the trepidation of debutantes. But they don't. These Rosewalds and the rest think they are nothing less than Patti and Campanini, and give themselves airs accordingly, when they strut on the scene before our audiences. The cheek of it! It's about time this style of art were given the grand guy, as it deserves. There's too much of the circus side show (or snide show) policy about these brief end-of-the-season snaps of the returned actors and wildcat opera companies. The artistic taste of the metropolis should be respected even if strong measures have to be taken to enforce that respect.

On the Square the other day we met an old theatrical acquaintance encountered on the dramatic routes years ago when he was a blooming youth—a novice in the profession, a dreamer and a builder of air castles. He was careworn and beery, he had all his old time spirits about him, but that was all. He was not successful in pushing himself forward. He had, in fact, rather retrograded, and he had an occasional air of the crushed tragedian about him, but his old vim hadn't been driven out of him. It will take several seasons yet to make a wreck of him. He confessed with a blush that showed even through his beardiness, that he had attained no higher than the post of property man. But he added with an eager tone that he had been with a solid company and that the money had been good all the season. Poor fellow! This was the first time then, that he had ever received all he had earned without deduction or swindle. He had become so used to that theatrical experience called "getting the grand goose," that he was wild-eyed with delight and astonishment with having come out for once with all that belonged to him. He felt quite a bloated capitalist under the circumstances and insisted that we should join in his revelries in the privacy of his lodgings. There, seated on a trunk (there were five of them in the room), he raved for an hour on his revived hopes and ambitions, and then when we had grown pretty thoroughly sick of his visionary plans he surprised us by coming right down to realistic affairs. "You see these five trunks?" said he; "now what do you suppose they contain?"

"Not your dramatic wardrobe, surely? Property men don't go on for parts that require such very extravagant dressing, I think."

"Wardrobe the devil! No, these five trunks contain towels," replied the property man.

"Towels? Five trunks of towels?"

"Yes; towels. What makes you stare?"

"Where did you get them?"

"Oh, you're precious green. Don't you know? Why, in every town each one of the people (men and women) brings a towel from the hotel to the theatre; and then, after they wipe off the grease and paint, they fling the towels down, and the property man gathers them up. You see, we take the theatre baggage direct from the theatre to the depot, and so the towels go along. When anybody's trunk is smashed and they are going to abandon it, I take it, and have it patched up to carry my towels in. These here I accumulated in three seasons, and I want to get rid of them. The trouble is that they are all marked with the names of hotels in every city and town in the country, and I don't see how I can sell them. I'm kicking like a mule against giving them away; but I suppose I'll have to do it this summer to get rid of them. That's the kind of a perquisite of the perfish that ain't no good."

FIREMAN ROONEY HONORED.

[With Portrait.]

The plaza at Union square, New York city, wore a holiday appearance Thursday afternoon, the 17th inst., when Mayor Edson presented the Bennett medal to Fireman John L. Rooney for saving the life of Miss Ida L. Small, at the Potter building fire, on Jan. 31, 1882. When the name of John L. Rooney was called, a medium-sized, well-made man, with a determined face, partly covered by a large moustache, left the ranks and stepped up to where the mayor was standing. The latter advanced to meet him, and delivered an address, in which he said that in all ages, in all countries, among all conditions of men the privilege of bestowing well-merited commendation and reward for the performance of brave, honorable deeds, had ever been welcomed as one of the most pleasing and agreeable of duties. Then, having alluded to the circumstances of the rescue of Miss Small, he pinned the medal on the breast of the brave fellow.

REVIVING GIRLISH MEMORIES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Quite a sensation was caused in one of the up-town cross streets last Tuesday by a fashionably dressed young lady suddenly darting from the sidewalk and following a sprinkling cart. She appeared to enjoy the spray that fell upon her pretty feet and ankles, as she skipped on after the cart, lifting her dainty skirts. Some of the astonished spectators said that it was a new plan to ease up a pair of tight shoes. But one old-timer, who had known the daisy when she was a cherub in the Fourth ward, explained that the strange spectacle was caused by a sudden revival in the breast of the fair one of memories of the days when, as a barefooted kid, she used to take a free bath behind the perambulating water sprinkler.

A FIFTH AVENUE BELLE'S PET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Fifth avenue belle has struck a new idea. Tired of following the example of others of her set, who fondle ugly puss, and parade the avenue with shaggy terriers and blue-eyed poodles, she has made a pet of a beautiful goat, and takes it out daily for an airing along the most fashionable thoroughfares.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

ON Tuesday, April 17, Rev. J. Comstock was arrested at Tonganoxie, Ky., charged with outraging the 13 year old daughter of Mr. Anderson, of Reno township, Ky.

A RELIGIOUS divorce case is the latest eccentricity of the truly good. The case occurred in the county of Muskingum, Ohio. Mrs. S. P. Sales, wife of a prominent citizen of that county, has, it is claimed, just applied for a divorce from her husband, who is a devout church member, on the grounds that he conducts family worship three times a day, and during the devotional exercises he repeats passages from the scriptures which strongly condemn all manner of sins, then in the presence of the family he makes the application to Mrs. Sales, adding bitter denunciations against her. As this is considered a bad species of refined cruelty, Mrs. Sales may probably get a divorce.

THE religious people of Goshen, N. Y. were amused on Sunday, May 20, by a slogging match in the Sunday school of St. James Episcopal church, between the rector, Rev. Maury and William T. Matthews, one of the teachers. Matthews wanted to continue teaching a class of young ladies, but the parson insisted on removing him. The teacher led off in the fight. He grasped the minister by the throat, and in the melee that followed the clergyman suffered a severe shaking and choking; his whiskers were pulled and his face was scratched. Mrs. Maury came to her husband's assistance, and in the struggle to get the doctor away out of the clutches of Matthews she was violently hustled to one side. The doctor finally got hold of Matthews' arms and prevented further violence to himself and wife. Then followed loud and angry talk, and finally Dr. Maury got the entire school, or those who remained and did not run home from fright, to go into the main church edifice, where the exercises were continued to the end.

Thomas Scott, brother to the assistant superintendent and librarian of the Sunday school, on being asked by a reporter whether he heard Matthews threaten Dr. Maury, replied: "Matthews threatened that if Dr. Maury interfered with his (Matthews) class, he would never go out of the church alive." Really, the sports whom Richard K. Fox backs in pugilistic encounters never act as disgracefully as this. They do things in a genteel style of pugacity—but then, they read the POLICE GAZETTE, and are not religious.

A TERRIBLE NEGRO.

He Murders a White Man and Ravishes His Victim's Wife.

A shocking event occurred on May 19 in Garrett county, Md. A negro bearing the popular name of John Smith, called in the evening at the house of a white man named Harden who insisted that he should depart at bedtime. The negro went reluctantly, but returned later in the evening armed with a gun. He went to the window of the house, and deliberately fired at Harden, who was sitting inside, preparing to retire. The ball struck Harden on the upper left portion of the forehead, passing through the flesh over the top of the head, not penetrating the skull. Harden sprang to his feet, shouting: "None of that, Smith!" and ran to the door. Here he was met by Smith, who fired a second shot, the ball entering and passing through Harden's head, killing him instantly. During the affray Mrs. Harden and a Miss Lee ran up stairs. Having killed Harden, Smith entered the house, blew out the lights and upset a portion of the furniture. Thence he passed up stairs and seized Mrs. Harden and dragged her down, out of the house and up on the grade of the new railroad, a distance of 20 or more steps, and outraged her. Smith then left. Mrs. Harden and the inmates of the house then went to the house of Thomas Hays, about a half mile distant. News of the murder was sent to Dr. Baker of Elkins, who, with eight citizens, proceeded to the house where the murder occurred. The murdered man was found lying in front of the door on his face, cold in death. Smith stayed in a shanty down the grade about two miles from the scene of the shooting. The corpse having been carried into the house, the party started in pursuit of the murderer, whom they supposed to be in his quarters. A half mile walk brought the party to Smith's shanty. Four of the party were posted at the door with drawn revolvers, but the murderer made his escape through the chimney, which was built against the side of the hill so as to afford easy stepping to the mountain side, up which he evidently went and is now roaming.

THE BABY WAS HIS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Pittsburg has been the theatre of an episode which the local papers relate substantially as follows:

A year ago there arrived at a leading hotel there a drummer for a New York rubber house. He had his hands full of commissions, and remained in the smoky city two weeks. Some nine months later a pretty chambermaid in the house gave birth to a child. With tears she admitted that it was the product of a liaison between herself and the festive drummer. He had made a mash of her on his first arrival there, and she had kept him from being lonely during his visit. The child was the result.

The landlady's wife was a true-hearted woman, and she kept the girl in the house instead of casting her out to go to the bad. The child lived and thrived.

A couple of weeks back its father reappeared at the hotel. He was accompanied by a lady, whom he introduced as his newly made wife; they being on their wedding tour. The bridegroom seemed to be ignorant of the little addition to the population of Pittsburg since his departure, and no one recognized him at first, consequently no one imparted the news to him.

The victim of his wiles, however, was aware of his presence, and prepared to greet him. That night, shortly after the pair had retired to their room, a terrific uproar aroused the house. It proceeded from the bridal chamber, where the bride was in hysterics and the groom in a ferocious rage. On the bed was a squalling baby. The infant had been thrown through the transom into the lap of the bride when she was about to turn in.

Search was made for the mother, the child being at once recognized, but she had left the house. It is said that she has left the city, a note having been received by the proprietor of the hotel that the drummer being the father of the baby, she proposed to make him support it. The chances are that he will have to.

"Young Bibby," the Wrestler.

George S. Miehl (Young Bibby) was born in New York on Oct. 10, 1862. He made his first appearance as a wrestler while an apprentice in R. Hoe & Co.'s machine works. He there defeated three competitors and won the championship of the establishment. In 1880 he joined the New York Turners. He defeated six competitors in a tournament, and won the first prize at backhold wrestling. In March, 1881, he defeated Louis Ahrens, the champion amateur of Louisville, Ky. In July, 1881, he defeated Mike Haas, the champion lightweight of New York, and in October, 1882, after wrestling three nights, he defeated Harry Herber in a match for the championship of New York state.

He is also a wonderful dumbbell lifter, pressing from the shoulder up, double dumbbells weighing from 50 to 100 lbs.



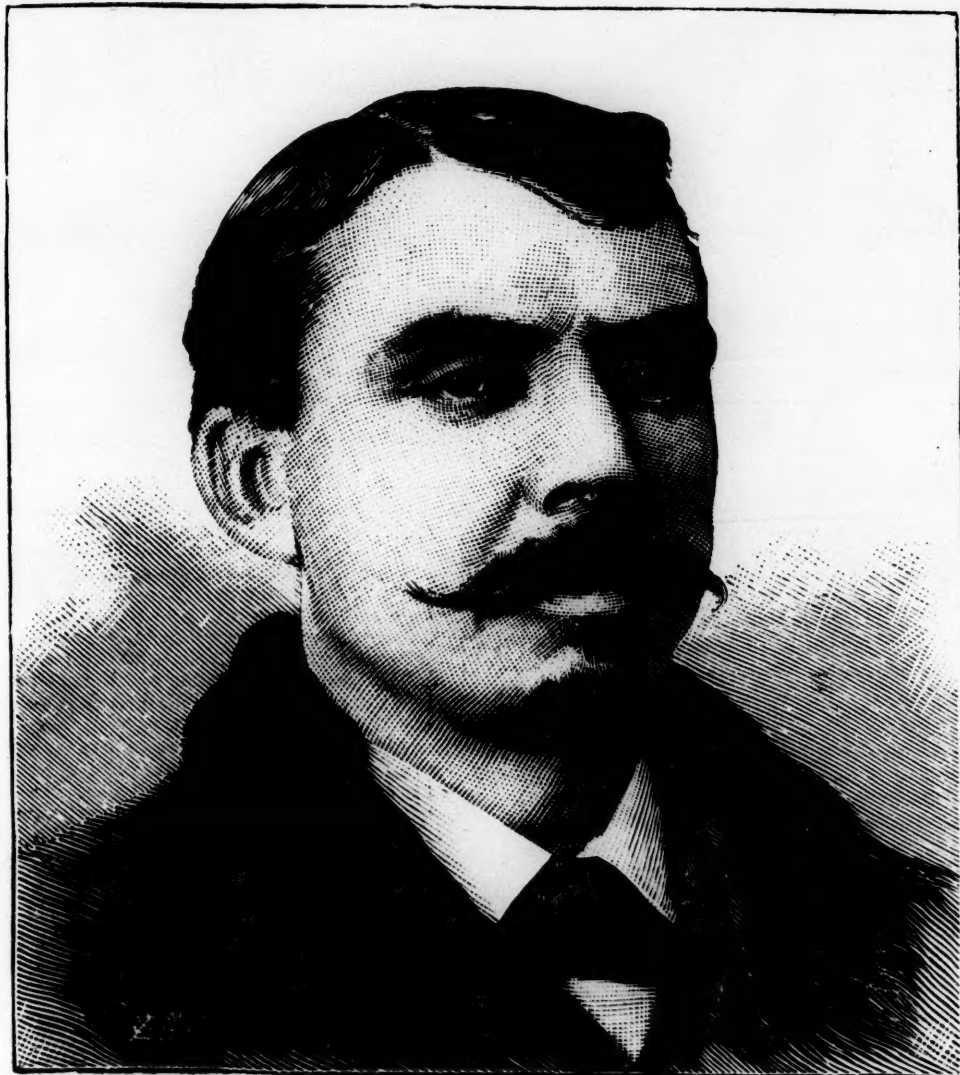
DAVID SMITH,

A MISSING BOY FOR WHOSE DISCOVERY A REWARD IS OFFERED; SAN FRANCISCO.

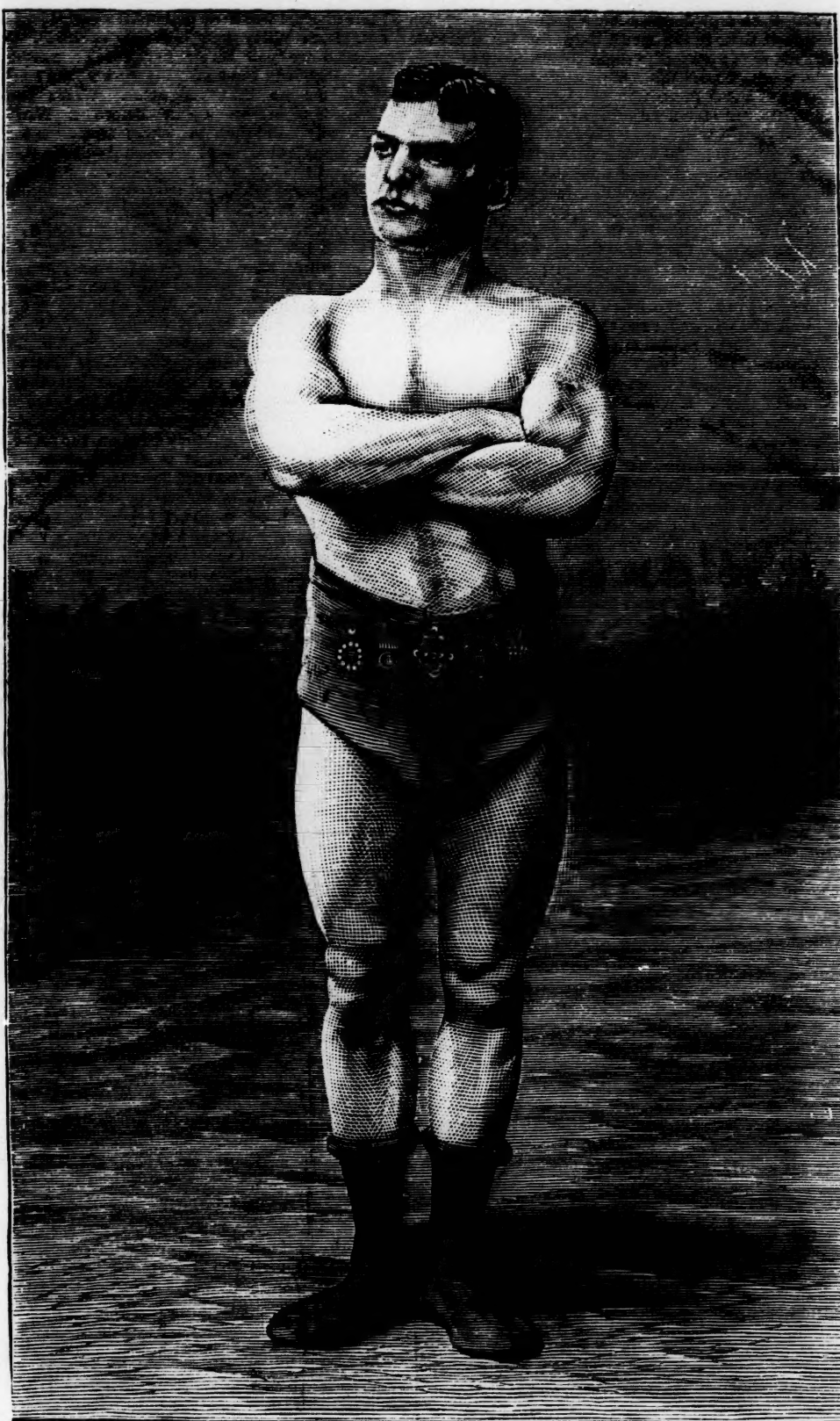
Young Bibby is also the winner of the 135 lbs Greco-Roman championship of America, having defeated Michael Haas in Turn hall, on Friday, March 16, 1883.

The Champion Ratcatcher

Richard Toner, the champion ratcatcher, was born in New York City on April 9, 1840, and began as a professional ratcatcher in 1865. He has visited (professionally) every city of importance in the United States, with the exception of San Francisco, and has given entire satisfaction to those who have had need of his services, as the testimonials given him testify. He offers, through the POLICE GAZETTE, a challenge to any of the so-called professionals, to compete with him at ratcatching, for any amount they choose to name.



RICHARD TONER,
THE CHAMPION PROFESSIONAL RAT-CATCHER.



GEORGE S. MIEHLING (YOUNG BIBBY),

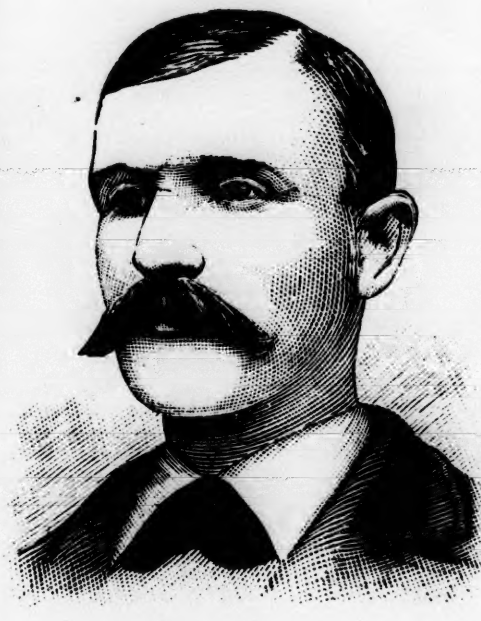
THE FAMOUS WRESTLER, OF NEW YORK.

Louis R. Miller.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Louis R. Miller, a noted sporting man of Brooklyn, E. D., who is considered a Chesterfield among the upper ten of the sporting world. He is the proprietor of two large sporting saloons, one in Williamsburg, in Second street near Broadway; the other is in Broadway near Howard street, New York, and not only by his good fellowship, but by other sterling qualities does honor to the sporting fraternity with whom he is in close affiliations.

A Missing Boy.

We publish the portrait of David Smith, a young lad who left his home in San Francisco about nine weeks ago, under very mysterious circumstances. He is 16 years of age, dark com-



FIREMAN JOHN L. ROONEY,

PRESENTED WITH THE BENNETT MEDAL FOR SAVING MISS IDA SMALLS' LIFE; THIS CITY.

plexioned, with gray eyes, light brown hair and partly freckled face. At the time of his disappearance he wore a dark olive green suit. Fifty dollars is offered for information leading to the discovery of his whereabouts.

A SHOCKING tragedy has occurred at Brussels. The Russian Count de Lagoda, who married an actress, known in dramatic circles as Blanche Miroir, had become jealous of what he considered the too great attention paid to his wife; and, in a fit of rage and jealousy, he shot her, and afterward committed suicide. The countess is recovering from her injuries.

A YOUNG gentleman has been passing himself off in Italy as the son and heir of Napoleon III. Of course, a rich widow believed in him; but when she found him out he took to the road as a highwayman, robbed the mails, and was sent to prison for 21 years.



LOUIS R. MILLER,
POPULAR SPORTINGMAN OF BROOKLYN, E. D.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

Wanted by Judge Lynch

Thomas P. Varnell, whose portrait we publish, is wanted for a double crime of unexampled atrocity. The particulars of the same are as follows: Varnell is a Hillsboro (Texas) saloon keeper. Accompanied by a crony named George Walker, he went to Hubbard city March 7th to take part in a dance at the house of J. H. Land, a respectable farmer. About midnight Varnell approached one of Mr. Land's daughters and forced her, at the muzzle of a sixshooter, to leave the house with him. When outside, using his weapon to compel acquiescence, he accomplished her ruin. Her sister, who appeared upon the scene soon after, and realized that something horrible had happened, threatened to raise an alarm. She was quieted by the presentation of the ever-ready pistol and forbidden to open her mouth or she would be shot. About this time Mr. Land, the father of the girls, appeared, and ordered them both to the house, with the remark that there was the best place for them. Varnell presented his pistol at Mr. Land and fired, the ball passing through his heart. As Land fell, Varnell fired again, the



COOLING OFF.

HOW A GAY GIRL OF GOTHAM, OVERCOME BY RECOLLECTIONS OF HER YOUTH, TOOK A FREE BATH FROM A SPRINKLING CART.

A Georgia Peeping Tom.

Tom Lipes, a young man of good family, was arrested at Atlanta, Ga., on May 14, and fined \$25 for a peculiar offense. Augur holes were

Shot for a Woman.

Jack Sullivan, a popular young railroad fireman employed on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, was shot down in cold blood by Wil-

deliberately planned. Powell, it seems, intended to kill a young man named John Bonner, who had supplanted him in the affections of Jennie Crow, a woman of questionable character. Meeting Sullivan at dark, he mistook him for Bonner and shot him dead. Sullivan will probably "swing" for his crime.

A Boy Murderer.

John Cavanagh, alias "the Kid from Troy," a lad of 15 years, was arrested in Chicago, Ill., April 5th, for the murder of John McMahon, a grocer of that city. The murder occurred 18 months ago. McMahon, who was treasurer of the Order of Hibernians, had returned home from a meeting and laid himself down to sleep. In the middle of the night burglars, who knew that he had funds in his possession, broke into the place and murdered him. They escaped, leaving no clue for the police to work on. Three weeks ago, however, Chicago detectives captured "the kid," who was promptly identified by Mrs. McMahon as her husband's murderer.

A Shooting Affray.

There was a fatal affray on May 20 in the



KATIE CROW,

THE WOMAN ON WHOSE ACCOUNT A DASTARDLY MURDER WAS COMMITTED

second shot taking effect in his left shoulder. The pistol used carried a ball of 44 calibre, and the wounds inflicted were fearful. So close was Varnell to Land when he shot him that the clothing of Land was powder burned and forced into the hole made by the bullet. Immediately after the shooting Varnell and Walker made their escape, and have not since been heard from. The citizens are fearfully incensed at the outrage, and Judge Lynch will be apt to hold a special term of court if Varnell is caught in the neighborhood. Mr. Land was a man of considerable wealth, and had been in the neighborhood of Hubbard City about 12 months. He was highly respected, and he and family enjoyed a fine reputation. A reward is offered for Varnell's capture.



A PEEPING TOM.

A YOUNG MAN CAUGHT TAKING A SURREPTITIOUS VIEW OF LADIES' ANKLES, JUSTLY PUNISHED, AT ATLANTA, GA.

observed in the steps leading up the main entrance of the Sixth Methodist church, and Lipes was caught secreted underneath, watching passers above. Before being handed over to the authorities the youth received a good drubbing at the hands of one of the indignant church deacons, who discovered the offender.

William Powell, at the beginning of the month, in Nashville, Tenn. After the shooting Powell vainly tried to find Detective R. M. Porter, with the intention of surrendering himself to him. He then gave himself up to two policemen. It subsequently transpired that the murder was not committed in a heat of passion, but was



WILLIAM POWELL,

A NASHVILLE ROUGH WHO KILLED A SUPPOSED RIVAL IN A WOMAN'S LOVE.

post office at Henrietta, Texas, between W. R. Curtis and C. M. Burgess, resulting in the death of Mr. Burgess. Bad feeling had existed between the parties for some time, and especially since the killing of R. M. Donnelly last November by Mr. Burgess. Mr. Burgess made threats against Mr. Curtis' life previous to his killing Donnelly, and has on various occasions indulged in threats and demonstrations, such as to cause Mr. Curtis to apprehend trouble with him. At 1 p. m. on the 20th, during the delivery of the mail in the post office, Burgess shoved Mr. Curtis aside and attempted to draw his six-shooter from under his arm. Mr. Curtis was too quick for him, with the result as above stated. The house was full of people at the time, and two other parties were wounded, one slightly, the other seriously, though not fatally.



JOHN CAVANAGH,

ALIAS "THE KID FROM TROY," A CHICAGO BOY RUOLORE AND MURDERER.



THOMAS P. VARNELL,

THE TEXAN DESPERADO WHO RAPED MISS LAND AND KILLED HER FATHER.

THE FEMALE SPORTS OF NEW YORK. BY ONE OF THEM.

CHAPTER XL ELDORADO.

Henry W—, a young and rising man of good family, held, some 20 years ago, a foremost position under the city government of New York. At the age of 34 he was still unmarried; his heart was set on a society lady, marriage with whom was impossible, for the simple reason that she already had a husband, albeit an inattentive one. The lady and her lover were reported to place their enforced duality with the warmest and closest Platonic affection, and many went so far as to say with still more serious relations. At any rate, she found their intimacy compromising her in the eyes of society, and urged upon her cavalier to protect her by affecting an amour with another woman.

There was at that time a young actress attached to one of the theatres where burlesque was the card, who attracted some attention. She possessed little talent, but was very beautiful; and, still more remarkable, was reputed honest. Thanks to her magnificent golden tresses she was known as Eldorado. Her pictures, in all fashion of dress and undress, were displayed in every print shop. She was so well known that the very street boys nudged one another when she passed by. A woman in short, whose beauty was her only merit. She made the best of it, commercially, while it lasted.

Eldorado living honestly on \$50 a month salary as a copyholder of the third rank, and what she got as artists' and photographers' model, was a shabby hanger on of Bohemia, only wearing decent apparel on the stage and in the studios of her patrons. Suddenly she bloomed out in silks and cashmeres, in India shawls and jewels, riding in a private coupe and dining at Taylor's and Delmonico's. Some one had found the way to unsettle her honesty. The wits tapped their noses and said something about virtue being its own reward. The wise ones laughed and remarked:

"Who would have thought of such luck as that a third line figurante could capture such a protector as Henry W—."

For Henry W—, obeying the woman whose least wish was law to him, had set to work to save his mistress from the tongue of slander and the darts of malice, had commenced to punish himself as a fool of the first water by appearing to fall in love with Eldorado.

The news of this scandalous and degrading amour was not long in becoming public; you may be bound. All society gazed the poor belle, fitted for such an ignominious rival, and the murmurs which had been growing serious died. The plot, in short, had worked to a charm, and when the lovers did meet it was clandestinely, so that rumor should not be stayed in its propitious course.

But his mistress' ruse proved her own love's undoing. Henry found Eldorado a good girl at heart, who soon learned to sincerely admire and look up to her aristocratic and intellectual supporter. She educated herself to be worthy of him, and he became in a way accustomed to and interested in her naïve efforts to improve her ignorance. Her honest adulation, too, flattered him, cool-headed as he was. To clinch the matter, she became pregnant, and bore her protector a son about whose paternity there could be no doubt whatever.

This pledge of their connection Henry W. looked upon as sacred. He settled an ample fortune on the baby the day it was born, and removed the mother to a quiet and elegant home, where he established her permanently in great private splendor. There the boy was brought up amid that luxury the legitimate children of the great enjoy, a child without a legal parent, yet loved and watched over by the father whose name he was forbidden to bear. His mother was known as Mme. Delisle. The only name the son knew was Daniel Delisle, which latter was her own.

Henry W. would, undoubtedly, have married his mistress to legitimize their son, but his soaring ambition forbade that act of justice. He was a power in public and private life; to have wedded his leman would have ruined him. Eldorado comprehended clearly that she could never be anything more to him than she was; that their child was doomed to go to his grave branded a bastard.

In his early years little Daniel lived happily enough. His playmates were the children of the shopkeepers of the neighborhood, whose parents, thanks to his mother's wealth, shut their eyes to the irregularity of his birth. But the boy conceived from the first a violent dislike for his father. He never looked him in the face; replied to his addresses only in monosyllables; the richest and most lavish gifts failed to touch his boyish soul. When his mother, whom he loved with an affection at once fierce and tender, reproved him for his ungracious feeling toward "his good friend," as his father was ever styled to him, he only kissed her and went on scowling as before.

One day, when Henry W. and Mme. Delisle were together, Daniel, who had been playing with his boyish companions, came in hurriedly, his clothing torn and soiled with mud, his face bloody.

"You have been fighting, sir," said his father.

"Yes, he replied, curtly.

"With whom?"

"With Tom Jones and his big brother."

"And why?"

"Because they were showing every one a portrait of a naked woman they had bought for a quarter and saying it was my mother. I took it from them. Look!"

And he exhibited one of the photographs which, ten years and more before, had made Eldora familiar to all New York—a photograph in which she posed as Venus, bare as Amphytrite herself, new born on the crested waves.

The boy was assured that it was all a lie, but he went off sullen and silent, while his father burned the shameful picture at the grate. In order to spare him

further insults he was sent to a swell private school, to which his father's influence readily found admission for him. There his sombre and jealous humor augmented, until, as a last chance of securing his confidence, his mother begged permission to reveal her sorrowful secret to him. Henry W. consented, and one day she told Daniel that the count was his father.

"I know it," he replied, frigidly.

"You know it?" gasped his mother.

"Yes."

"And how?" she stammered.

"Because at the school they have nicknamed me 'The bastard'."

"And what have you done when they called you so?"

"I have fought them all with my fists. I am now learning to shoot, and when I have learned I shall kill them. But you say he loves us."

"He does, my son, with all his heart."

"Then why does he not marry you?"

"You do not understand. His high position, his important duties, his—"

The boy kissed her, and went out, muttering a curse.

Tranceforth he never alluded to his father by name. He was the only title he gave him. When he spoke to him it was harshly, sullenly, insolently. At times he would be possessed by fits of ferocious fury, in which he would patrol his room like a madman. The poor mother, listening at the door, would hear the blessings he lavished on her, mingled with imprecations of her lover.

It required all her influence with him to prevent an open outbreak against his father. At 16 he finished his seminary education, and the count proposed to send him to Yale. He refused point blank.

"To what good?" he said, savagely. "People like me can only hide their shame in obscurity. The man without a name has no right in public life, or in society. Let me be till some day I can escape my fatal history in South America, in the antipodes, anywhere out of New York."

The idea of leaving New York kept recurring to him, but his mother would not consent, and the unfortunate boy loved his mother too well to abandon her. A couple of years more passed, finding him becoming more and more intractable and furious; but she managed to avert the explosion until his father, after years of scheming, secured a nomination for congress, hurried to inform his mistress of the honor he had received.

"Congratulations, me," he said.

"For what?" demanded his son, harshly and sneeringly. "What do the honors which shower on you concern us? Mount higher and higher, if you can. As for my mother and I, we will remain here below, in abjection and contempt. Go on with your life of lies and hypocrisy. Having satisfied your passion, you—"

"Daniel!" interrupted the father, with a pallid face and a voice sharp with anger; but he recovered himself and went on: "I am not in a quarrelsome humor to-day. Boy, unreasonably and obstinate, it is time that we had a decisive explanation to one another. I shall speak to you like a man. My dear Eldorado, Daniel and I would like to be alone."

The mother went out, frightened and uneasy, saying:

"Remember, Henry, that he is your son," and whispering to Daniel, as she embraced him: "Remember that he is your father."

Henry W— locked the door after her; and, returning to where Daniel stood, silent, grim, braced on his strong legs, with folded arms, and a gleam of latent ferocity in his eye, he said quietly, but with the resolute accent of a man accustomed to command:

"Now for ourselves."

The mother, with her ear to the keyhole, fell fainting on the rug.

What followed between father and son no living being but Henry W. knows. They had been locked in together a quarter of an hour when the servants now gathered in the adjoining room around their senseless mistress, heard a crashing sound, succeeded by a sharp cry, a cry full of agony and despair. At the same moment the bell of the saloon sounded, and Henry, as he unlocked the door, called in a panting voice. The door opened, and Henry, pale, with dress a little disordered, returned to the middle of the room, where he raised the body of his son, senseless, with his forehead covered with blood.

The young man was put to bed. The physician summoned declared that his frontal bone was fractured, and that death was inevitable. Henry W— was called upon for a statement of the casualty. He replied in a voice which all his self-command could not render calm:

"A discussion of a certain slight violence arose between us. The unfortunate child attempted to spring at me, but his foot caught in the carpet, and, tripping, his head struck the marble console."

Daniel, with his eyes closed, had heard every word. Now, turning with a glassy gaze, still full of untamable passion, on his father, he said slowly and in bitter, sneering accents:

"Good! See how he lies still. He lies forever. It was not I who assaulted you; it was you who struck me with violence because I would not consent to your proposition. It is you who have killed me."

The words were his last.

Henry W— was not elected to congress. He, however, secured a foreign mission, and went abroad. There he died. His mistress is still a resident of this city, fair, fat and forty, with a lover half her age, and a fondness for the theatre. The tragic death of her son seems to have faded from her memory. She is the mistress of a handsome estate which her lover left her upon his death, and enjoys life in spite of the bitterness of her past.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUNDAY LAW IN JERSEY.

How Policemen Assist in Enforcing Law in Hoboken.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The semi-occasional spasm of Sabbatarian virtue has struck Hoboken again, and an effort is being made to close the drinking saloons on Sunday. Of course they are closed—as usual. Thirsty souls now have to make a pilgrimage to back and side doors, instead of walking in boldly at the front entrance, as is the usual Hoboken custom. This extra pedestrian exercise makes the t. s. thirstier than ever, and is a good thing for the saloon keepers. It is also a good thing for the police, who divy with the publicans on their extra receipts. Jersey law must be enforced, you know, until all the police authorities and the prying, sneaking, holy Joes get new suits of spring clothes. Then once more Hoboken will again be in all its pristine glory on

Sunday, the poor man's holiday, and all go merry as a marriage bell.

The way in which the law is at present enforced is well shown in a sketch by one of our artists who visited the city of beer and pretzels on Sunday last. Entering by a side door, he found that the keg had run dry, and a lot of clamorous customers were waiting for their beer. A police officer who was present, in full uniform, assisted the proprietor in hoisting a fresh keg on the horse. The cop afterward assisted in lifting some of the glasses.

A RECONCILIATION ON THE BRIDGE.

How Two Long Estranged Friends Met and Made Up on the Centre of the Aerial Highway.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Not alone were the two great cities of New York united by the opening of the Brooklyn bridge on May 24; but two loving, gushing, tender hearts, that had been kept apart for a long time, were brought in contact once again. A blooming belle of New York and a bewitching beauty of Brooklyn, who had been bosom friends, became estranged last winter. A gentleman was the cause, of course. Our New York friend claimed sole proprietorship of a certain young man with a small mustache and a large bank account. She introduced him to our Brooklyn beauty. Her jealous eyes soon led her to believe that her sister from the City of Churches was trying to capture the prize.

This led to a coolness, a quarrel, and a separation. Each vowed that they would never step foot in the other's door. The wide East river separated them. Only by the expenditure of car and ferry fare, which would encroach on the caramel and bouquet fund, could they reach each other. A still more marked obstacle prevented their meeting. There was bitter jealousy in the New York maiden's heart; there was a burning sense of wrong in the bosom of the Brooklyn beauty. They went their ways alone. They never crossed paths, and only heard of each other through the gossip of friends. But they met last Friday on the Brooklyn bridge. One was coming from New York alone, to enjoy the novelty of the elevated walk; the other was walking from Brooklyn with her newly wedded husband. They met near the centre of the bridge.

There were looks of mutual recognition. The New York girl took in the situation at a glance. She saw there was no longer any danger of her old-time friend stealing from her her prospective bridegroom. She rushed at her friend, crying: "Fanny, I have wronged you. Here let us meet half way, and forget and forgive."

LEGAL DIGNITY IN ARKANSAS.

A Judge Shot on the Bench by a Drunken Enemy.

The ever-ready pistol pops even in court rooms in Arkansas, and not even the parson in the pulpit or the judge on the bench is safe from its deadly missiles. At noon on May 24, Dr. Ovington Moore went to the court house intoxicated, and while Judge Sanders, of the circuit, was on his seat examining some papers shot him through the hand, inflicting a very painful but not dangerous wound. Moore fired two shots, the last one taking effect.

The judge gave a reporter the following account of the episode: "After court had adjourned I started down stairs, when it occurred to me to return and look over the papers in a certain case. Before I had sat down Dr. Moore came up to me and remarked, 'I want to see you.' Observing that he was under the influence of liquor, and having heard that he had no kind feelings for me, I said: 'I am very busy, doctor; I will see you some other time, and passed on to my seat. Soon afterward he came again, remarking that he wished to speak to me, and I again told him I had business to attend to, and requested him not to annoy me. Then he began to handle a book upon the table, and in a few seconds threw it at me. I threw up my hand and picked up another book to strike him in return. Then he drew his pistol and pulled down upon me. I realized at once that my only chance was to close in upon him. I did so, but he fired twice before I wrenched the pistol from him. Mr. Humphries, the clerk, then stepped up, secured Moore and turned him over to the sheriff. I believed the second shot had passed through me, and that very soon the excitement would pass off and I would feel its effects, as the pistol was within a few inches of my body when discharged. My fears however, proved groundless, and I escaped with a ball through my right hand, which by that time was bleeding profusely."

Moore was lodged in jail. He is "one of the most prominent citizens," of course—it is only that kind that cut up rough and raise the devil in Arkansas.

THE PEDAGOGUE AND THE SCHOOLMARM.

He Takes Her on His Lap and Calls Her Pet Names After School Hours.

No wonder they don't want the POLICE GAZETTE to circulate in Canada. There's more deviltry there to the square inch of settled territory than in any other section of the continent, and of course they want darkness over the land, which would be impossible with the POLICE GAZETTE the organ of light, circulating freely around. To give a faint idea of how bad they are in that locality, we instance the following case, which is reported to us from Hamilton, Ont.:

It is alleged by Louisa Wood, a pupil in the Central school, that on Wednesday afternoon, May 16 last, she saw George W. Johnson, head master of the Central, with one of the lady teachers in his lap. Miss Wood is an intelligent little girl about 12 years of age, and told a very straightforward story. "It was about 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon," she said, "I went in the Park street entrance of the Central, and was passing through the hall to go up the Bay street stairs. The library door, you understand, opens off about the centre of the hall, and as I passed I happened to look in, the door being partially open. I saw Mr. Johnson sitting on the edge of the table with one of his feet on the rung of a chair, and Miss — on his lap. I passed on, and was more than half way up the stairs when Mr. Johnson came out and called me. He asked me if I was late, and I said no. He said: 'It looks very much like it.' I said: 'I have been out.' He said: 'As early as this?' I said: 'Yes.' He went back and I went up stairs."

"Are you sure you saw them in the library?" asked the reporter. "Sure? Oh, yes. I am positive. I cannot be mistaken about it." Miss Wood is a particularly smart young girl, and told her story without any hesitation or embarrassment. Of course the story is denied, but there is much excitement about it all the same.

TABOR'S NEW PALACE.

An Arabian Night's Structure That is to Dwarf All the World Has Seen.

According to the Denver (Col.) News, ex-Senator Tabor has given up the idea of building a \$1,000,000 hotel at the corner of 16th and Arapahoe streets, and Miss Tabor told a friend the other day that the famed palaces of the California bonanzas and the mansions of the Stewarts and Vanderbilts should not be so fine as the house her husband will build.

It will be in the middle of a block of ground covering 32 lots of the regular size. The mansion will contain about 30 rooms, and it will be arranged as the dwellings of the ancient princes were—for the entertainment of guests, and to accommodate the furthest extreme of festivity. There will be banqueting halls, long and wide, each with different furniture and fittings, which shall be so selected as to serve for any event that is likely to occur. There will be one room which can be used for receptions attended by more guests than can be accommodated in the reception rooms for every day use. In the centre there will be a fountain, whose drops of spray, as they sparkle in the rays of light from 100 gas jets, will fall upon the rarest exotics. The floor will be a grand mosaic of Colorado's most beautiful minerals, cut and polished by skillful lapidaries, and arranged in odd and beautiful conceits by one of New York's most noted artists. The walls will be colored in beautiful tints, and the soft-swelling dome will seem to fade away in the blue distance of the sky which will be there represented. Here and there in niches gracefully cut will stand the form of a Venus, a Psyche, or a Diana, chiselled in virgin marble, and these will be relieved by rare paintings, executed upon the walls themselves, not hung there. Each gas jet will have prisms of glass so arranged upon it that light of any color can be made to suffuse the whole room, and to give the flowing mountain waters the colors of a rainbow. The sleeping apartments will be en suite, and the furnishings as truly elegant as the suggestions of an accomplished designer can make them. There will be every facility for amusement—a billiard room with its constant attendants, a bowling alley, and a wide room for lawn tennis, when the weather will not permit the game to be played in the grounds outside. The stables will be on the same scale of elegance that the house is, and there will be saddle horses and driving horses to suit the taste of the most fastidious horseman. The grounds surrounding the mansion will become a garden of beauty. In the tower of the house there will be an observatory fitted up, where one may look miles away upon the plains or upon the most distant mountain peak; or, if he desires, make observations in astronomy.

Architects will at once begin to prepare plans for Mr. Tabor's approval; and, before summer has set in work upon this magnificent mansion will be commenced.

A WEALTHY WOMAN'S FATE.

Becoming the Slave of Rum, She Meets an Awful Death in a Cellar.

On April 22 the body of a middle-aged woman, entirely nude, was found in a dark and damp cellar in Ludlow street, Dayton, O., where it had evidently laid for a month. It was covered with mildew, and was so decomposed that it had to be shovelled into a coffin and interred immediately. The clothes of the deceased, old and tattered, were found in an adjoining room. The whole affair was enveloped in mystery for some days, but at last the woman's identity was established, although the manner of her death is yet unknown. She was a Mrs. Homan, wife of a wealthy boot and shoe merchant in Wilmington, Ohio, and was a member of one of the oldest and best families of Clinton county. Her father was very wealthy, and she moved in the best circles of society until a few years ago, when she manifested an uncontrollable desire for cognac and laudanum. She gradually grew worse and worse, and was often seen on the streets in a condition of intoxication. When she would recover from one of those debauches no one could have felt her degradation more keenly than she did, and she frequently expressed a wish that death would end the disgrace to her family and friends. Finally she could bear it no longer, and last February she ran off. Her husband made active search for her, but in vain. She made her residence in Dayton, where she eked out a scanty living by doing housework. She lived the life of a recluse in the cellar of a vacant house, and was satisfied with rags for covering and whiskey and opium for subsistence. The neighbors often have heard her moaning during the night, as if in pain, but no one ever assisted her. It is now a question whether she was murdered or committed suicide. Public opinion inclines to the former theory, as a hostler working near by stated that he once heard a strange man threatening to kill her.

A FOOTPAD TRICKED.

Being Greedy, He Falls Into the Clutches of His Victim, and is Overpowered.

On the night of May 8, at a late hour, a young man named Mack Nichols, returning to his home near Columbia, Mo., was stopped by a masked highwayman, who presented a big navy revolver and demanded his money or his life. Nichols, taken by surprise, readily handed over all the money he had, a \$20 gold piece, and started to ride on; but Mr. Highwayman was not satisfied, and wanted his horse. Nichols at first remonstrated with the fellow, saying that his horse was all he had left in the world; but, finding the robber persistent in his demand, he leaned forward to dismount, and, right in the face of the pistol, he sprang on the man and grabbed him by the throat. The robber struggled and tried to fire at him, but Nichols, being the stronger of the two, and too quick for him, he was soon overpowered. Nichols then wrenched the pistol from him, tied him on the horse and brought him back to Columbia, where he lodged him in jail. The robber wore a mask, cut out of a piece of blue cloth, with places left for the eyes and mouth, and tied on behind his head. He gave his name as Jas. Springfield, and has been working for some time on the farm of Pleasant Hutton, several miles northwest of Columbia.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Ellis Craft, one of the Ashland flendies who was to have been hanged at Grayson, Ky., on May 25, was granted a stay of proceedings. His case was also appealed to the Court of Appeals, and a decision is expected in about a month.

THE GREAT BRIDGE.

Festivities of the Union of New York and Brooklyn.

A Wedding of the Two Cities Amid Unprecedented Festivities.

The "Police Gazette" Maintains the
Honor of the New York End of
the Bridge with a Grand Recep-
tion to the Public.

The big Brooklyn bridge, the engineering marvel of the century, was opened on May 24, with great festivities, which, beginning in the early morning with the gathering of the people about the entrances to the bridge on either end, did not finish until long after midnight. In the morning the Seventh regiment escorted President Arthur and his cabinet from the Fifth avenue hotel to the City Hall, where the party was joined by Mayor Edson (the moral official), and proceeded across the bridge, the president and the mayor walking arm-in-arm, and the other officials coming two by two behind. The Seventh regiment went ahead in a straggling route step, the band noiseless, and the populace who were favored with admission tickets, walking on the carriage ways on either side. The North Atlantic squadron, of six men-of-war, was anchored in the East river, and when the president reached the middle of the river span they opened fire from their heavy batteries in a tremendous salute. The Brooklyn troops, escorting Mayor Low, met the president and Mayor Edson, and the whole party proceeded to the building on the Brooklyn end of the bridge, where Rev. Dr. Storrs spoke on behalf of Brooklyn, and Hon. A. S. Hewitt delivered an oration on behalf of New York, and Levy tooted his horn. The latter was the only one who could be heard; but the public took in the orators' pantomime for what it was worth, and generally were very good natured over it. At midnight, on the 24th, the bridge was thrown open to the public, and the immense traffic began and continued right along. In the night there was a grand display of fireworks from the tops of the bridge towers, which was witnessed by thousands of people on the wharves and house-tops for miles around. The ferryboats were seized on by crowds, who, getting on, refused to get off, but remained to witness the pyrotechnic display during their trips to and fro. Travel was greatly impeded thereby, and much confusion resulted, lasting far into the night. New York and Brooklyn were in a grand holiday disorder, which was more general than on any other occasion within our memory; but there were no disturbances. Everything passed off pleasantly, and the celebration was quite as grand as the work celebrated.

The Brooklyn forces gathered at their City Hall, and a little after noon the procession started for the bridge in the following order:

Twenty-third Regiment.
The United States Marines and Fifth Artillery.
The Mayor and Comptroller walking together, followed, two by two, by the Trustees of the bridge, the Heads of Departments and their Deputies.
The Park Commissioners, the Board of Education, the Board of Assessors, the Judiciary, County Officials, Board of Supervisors, Members of Congress, United States Officials, Members of the Legislature, ex-Mayors, ex-Comptrollers and ex-Auditors of the city.
The Society of Old Brooklynites.
The Memorial Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic.
Staff of Maj.-Gen. Hancock, Commanding Military Division of the Atlantic.
Commodore Upshur, Commanding the Naval Station of the port of New York, and Staff.
Officers of the United States Army and Navy.
Brigadier Generals of the Second Division and their Staffs.

Heading the civilian division, the mayor and comptroller descended the steps of the City Hall, which at this moment were completely covered by spectators, a majority of whom were ladies gayly dressed and with bunches of lilac blossoms in their hands. The mayor and his companion turned to the left at the foot of the steps and proceeded across to Remsen street, where the troops were drawn up in waiting. The signal for the column to move was given and the whole body of military and civilians was at once on its route to the bridge. The sidewalks stoops and windows on either side of the street were lined with dense throngs. From Remsen street the imposing procession turned into Montague, and thus moved picturesquely through Clinton street. Every vantage point in these handsome streets was crowded with spectators, gay bunting waved from the houses and spacious banners bearing appropriate legends were suspended across the thoroughfares. Not, however, until Fulton street was reached were the inspiring conditions of the scene fully realized. That thoroughfare blazed with color. Flags of every nation flashed in the clear sunlight, the store windows were draped with rich fabrics, and then the surging multitude, the marching regiments the imposing civic display and the popular acclaim went to make up a scene that the city across the river will hold as most salient of its recollections. In some places banners and bunting fairly canopied the streets, and innumerable colored lanterns, intended for the evening display, gave a prismatic lustre to the sunlight that flooded the scene. On through the brilliant thoroughfare and the vast throng of spectators on either side moved the picturesque and stately procession to the eastern entrance of the bridge on Sands street. Here, possibly, the crowd was densest. But here, too, the amplest arrangements had been made for the preservation of order. Stout ropes stretched on both sides of the entrance and properly guarded

kept back the surging throngs. The scrutiny of the tickets was rigid, and much time elapsed before the long line had passed the jealously guarded portal.

Undoubtedly the finest decorations of the day were those shown by the POLICE GAZETTE establishment, which displayed bunting, emblems, and flags of all nations on its two fronts, and flags and streamers from its roof. A platform and seats were also built on the roof, and these, as well as all the windows, were occupied by crowds of visitors, who had here the only good available view of the procession. On this occasion Mr. Richard K. Fox held open house to his friends and the public. He had sent out 3,000 invitations and 10,000 responded. The office was fairly besieged, visitors coming and going all day, thronging every room in the building and holding merry revel all over the house, Mr. Fox keeping the creature comforts and viands circulating without cessation, and himself undertaking the task of host to the enormous crowd. It was a grand affair in every respect—so declared by all who attended without a dissentient voice. Such a flow of wine and such a lavish profusion of things generally was unexpected, even from the POLICE GAZETTE, which, though it always does things on a large and unusual scale, was not expected, on this occasion, to beat all the records of even the palmy days of Jim Fisk, as it undoubtedly did. The company was not only immense in numbers it was also brilliant in personality, and bright in social and mental quality. Many of the journals of the country, and politics and the law were represented by distinguished people. There were numerous ladies in the company, and the whole establishment, with its fine decorations and its fair human equipment, received the honor of a salute from the president, who paused, and gave a special salute, doffing his hat repeatedly to the cheers that resounded from the gay and festive sporting palace.

One of the floors of the building was transformed into a banquet hall, elegantly decorated and fitted out with filled beer kegs and baskets of wine, disposed at advantageous points along the walls, while the central table groined with viands and delicacies of all sorts, with the hungry crowd railed with a ravenous vigor that was wonderful to see. The POLICE GAZETTE festivities were continued with a never-ceasing flow of wine and merriment far into the night, when the fireworks made all bright out of doors and the mirth and wit of Mr. Fox's gay company made all more brighter still within. There surely was never such a scene as this within the walls of a newspaper establishment, and Mr. Fox's guests all expressed unbounded surprise that such an immense entertainment should have ever been thought of and carried out successfully.

Among the gentlemen who responded to Mr. Fox's invitation were the following. President Arthur wrote through his private secretary as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
May 19, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR: I have your favor of the 18th instant. The president's participation in the ceremonies at the bridge and the entertainments that follow will, of course, prevent his accepting any other invitations for that day.

I desire, however, to express his thanks and my own for the courtesy of your inclosures.

Should I find the time while in New York, I would be very glad to accept your kind invitation to look through your printing house. Very truly yours,

FRED J. PHILLIPS, Private Secretary.
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y., May 18, 1883.

From Gen. Hancock:
Maj. Gen. Hancock regrets that a recent affliction in his immediate family prevents his accepting Mr. Fox's invitation for the 24th inst.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, May 18, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., Franklin Square, New York City, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR—Secretary Folger directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your polite invitation to share the hospitality of your establishment on the 24th inst. He will probably be in New York at that time; but as he is to accompany the president in another part of the city, he will be obliged to forego the pleasure of availing himself of your courtesy. Please accept his thanks for your thoughtfulness. Very truly yours,
FRANK SPERRY, Private Secretary.
New York, May 23, 1883.

R. K. Fox, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—Please accept my thanks for your kind invitation to attend the celebration of the opening of the bridge; but I regret that I have an engagement for that evening, and it will be impossible for me to attend. Very respectfully yours,
DAVID BONNER.

POLICE DEPARTMENT CITY OF NEW YORK,
NO. 300 MULBERRY STREET,
NEW YORK, May 17, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—Your very kind invitation has been duly received, and for which, please accept my thanks. I regret exceedingly that prior engagements for that date will prevent its acceptance. Again thanking you, I remain, very respectfully,
SIDNEY P. NICHOLS.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 14, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., POLICE GAZETTE Office, N. Y.:
DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your invitation to share the hospitality of your establishment on the occasion of the opening of the East river bridge, on the 24th inst., for which please accept my thanks.

Very respectfully, &c., FRANK HATTON.
POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 14, 1883.

Mr. Elmer thanks Mr. Fox for his courteous invitation for the 24th inst., and will be happy to avail himself of Mr. Fox's courtesy.

GLENCYFFER, GARRISON'S P. O.,
PUTNAM COUNTY, N. Y., May 22, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—I have the pleasure to acknowledge your polite invitation to share the hospitality of your establishment on Thursday next, to witness the ceremonies of the opening of the great bridge.

My absence from the city will deprive me the pleasure of availing myself of your invitation.

Very respectfully yours,
HAMILTON FISH.
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE,
CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, May 9, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—Your kind invitation to attend the ceremonies of the formal opening of the great East river bridge received. I accept your invitation with pleasure, and will be present, business permitting, at what I consider the final accomplishment of one of the

greatest enterprises of the age. Yours respectfully,
SAMUEL I. GIVIN, Chief of Police,
OFFICE OF CITY CLERK, CITY HALL,
JERSEY CITY, May 23, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—Your very kind invitation to view the slight incident to the formal opening of the East river bridge from your establishment was presented to and accepted by the Board of Aldermen, at its meeting last evening, by a unanimous vote. Yours truly,
JOHN E. SCOTT, City Clerk,
No. 9 LEXINGTON AVENUE,
May 14, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:
MY DEAR SIR—I have to express my thanks for your invitation, of which I cannot avail myself, as I shall be occupied on the 24th inst. with the bridge ceremonies, in the course of which I am to deliver an address. Truly yours,
ABRAHAM S. HEWITT.
ALBANY, May 22, 1883.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:
MY DEAR SIR—Thanks for your kind invitation "to share the hospitality of the POLICE GAZETTE publishing house on Thursday, May 24."

My official duties in this city, where I am now holding court, compel me to decline your courtesy.

Respectfully,
T. R. WESTBROOK,
HAMILTON, ONT., May 19, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., Police Gazette Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York, U. S. A.:

DEAR SIR—Please accept my best thanks for your kind and cordial invitation to share the hospitality of your "establishment" on the occasion of the opening of the great East river bridge. I heartily congratulate you upon the completion of this immense work—the offspring of science and art combined: it is but typical of the great strides made by your country in science and progress. I regret that official duties will prevent me from being present on the interesting occasion, and from enjoying that whole-souled courtesy and hospitality which is invariably extended toward the guests of your people. Thanking you again for your polite invitation, believe me, dear sir,

Yours very respectfully,
J. E. O'REILLY,
Master of the Supreme Court.
BROOKLYN, May 22, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—In answer to your kind invitation, I regret to say, that I shall probably not be able to accept it, having already an engagement at a reception with the chief engineer, after the opening ceremonies.

Yours respectfully,
W. HILDEBRAND,
Asst. Eng'r East River Bridge,
CHEMUNG COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE,
ELMIRA, N. Y., May 22, 1883.

Hon. Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette Publishing House,
New York, N. Y.:

MY DEAR SIR—Be pleased to accept my hearty thanks for your courteous invitation to share the hospitality of your establishment on the 24th inst.

Regretting my inability to avail myself of the entertainment you so generously offer, owing to very pressing business engagements, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
ALEXANDER C. EUSTACE,
EIGHTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT,
S. W. CORNER, 7TH AVE. & 13TH STREET,
NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your kind invitation for the 24th inst., for which accept thanks.

I regret that I will be unable to be present, as I had made an engagement for that day previous to the receipt of your card.

Yours, &c.,
FRED'K G. GEDNEY,
PER M.

GUNTERVILLE, LONG ISLAND,
May 23, 1883.

Capt. Crozier's compliments to Mr. Fox, and accepts with pleasure his invitation for to-morrow, through friend, Dr. Ward, 163 South street.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
BUREAU OF THE MINT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 21, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, New York:
DEAR SIR—Your invitation to accept the hospitality of your office to witness the ceremonies of the opening of the East river bridge has been received. I thank you for the invitation, but my official duties here probably will not allow me to be present on that occasion. Very respectfully,

HORATIO C. BURCHARD, Director,
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS,
JUDGES' CHAMBERS, COUNTY COURT HOUSE,
NEW YORK, May 21, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to witness from your establishment the ceremonies of the formal opening of the Brooklyn bridge, and I thank you heartily for your courtesy.

Yours truly,
GEO. M. VAN HOESEN.
TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE SUPERVISING ARCHITECT,
May 19, 1883.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:
DEAR SIR—I beg leave to acknowledge with thanks your kind invitation for the 24th inst., and I regret that my inability to visit New York at that date will prevent my accepting the hospitality offered. Very truly yours,

JAS. G. HILL,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, May 13, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., Franklin Square and Dover Street,
New York City:

DEAR SIR—Mr. Lincoln requests me to acknowledge, with his thanks, the receipt of your invitation for May 24, and to express his regrets that other engagements prevent his being present in New York on that day.

Very respectfully yours,
CHAS. S. SWEET, Private Secretary.

The letters of acceptance numbered many hundreds, and among them were official documents from the Boards of Aldermen of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, and the members of those Boards and of the State Legislature and Congress, were present, and were received as the guests of the POLICE GAZETTE on this merry and in every way remarkable occasion.

The POLICE GAZETTE reception put the balance of interest on the New York end of the bridge, for the official ceremonies on the Brooklyn end were dull and dry compared with the gay doings over which Richard K. Fox presided.

NO WONDER SHE DIDN'T LIKE HIM.

"Don't like your neighbor? Why, I thought he was a very kind and pleasant man." "So he is." "Does he ever interfere in your affairs?" "No." "Do his children steal your fruit?" "No; he hasn't any children." "For mercy's sake, then, what is the matter with him?" "He keeps bees." "Oh!"

RECENT RACES.

The Kentucky Derby at Louisville and the English Derby at Epsom Downs.

THE great American turf event of the season, the Kentucky Derby was run at Louisville, Ky., May 23. It was the ninth race for the blue ribbon. The following are the conditions, starters, etc. The race is a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, at \$100 each, half forfeit, \$20 only if declared by May 1, 1882 and \$40 if declared May 1, 1883, with \$1,500 added, of which \$200 to the second; closed with 50 subscribers, of which two declared May 1, 1882, three May 1, 1883, one was void by death of nominator and two died, mile and a half.
Chinn & Morgan's b. c. Leonatus, by Longfellow, dam Semper Felix, 165 lbs. (W. Donohue)
Morris & Co.'s b. g. Drake Carter, by Ten Broeck, dam Platina, 162 lbs. (Spellman) 2
N. Armstrong's ch. c. Lord Raglan, by Ten Broeck, dam Catina, 165 lbs. (Quaintrell) 3
R. C. Pate's b. g. Ascender, by Buckden, dam Ascension, 162 lbs. (Stoval) 0
J. R. Watts' ch. c. Standford Keller, by Great Tom, dam Blondin, 165 lbs. (Blaylock) 0
Clipsiana Stable's Pike's Pride, by King Ban, dam Lon Pike, 162 lbs. (Evans) 0
W. C. McCurdy's b. c. Chatter, by Whisper, dam Clarina, 165 lbs. (Henderson) 0
Time—2:43.

Pools.—Ascender, \$275; Leonatus, \$200; Lord Raglan, \$135; Drake Carter, \$125; Standford Keller, \$41; Chatter, \$35; Pike's Pride, \$20.

Leonatus literally romped home an easy winner by five lengths, with Drake Carter half a length in front of Lord Raglan, who was followed by Ascender, Standford Keller, Pike's Pride and Chatter. Time, 2:43, of which the first mile was run in 1:19.

THE 10th Derby was run on Epsom Downs, England, on May 23. The following are the conditions and the result: The Derby is a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, at £50 each, half forfeit; the owner of the second to receive £300, and the third £150, out of the stakes; colts to carry 122 lbs.; fillies, 117 lbs.; closed in 1881 with 240 subscribers, of which a number are void by the death of nominators; about a mile and a half.

Sir Frederick Johnstone's ch. c. St. Blaise, by Hermit, dam Fusce, by Massey, 122 lbs. (G. Wood) 1
Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Highland Chief, by Hampton, dam Corrie, 122 lbs. (F. Webb) 2
Lord Falmouth's b. c. or br. c. Galliard, by Galopin, dam Mavis, 122 lbs. (F. Archer) 3
Mr. Adair's b. c. The Prince, by Balfe, dam Lady Sophie, 122 lbs. (J. Osborne) 0
Lord Cadogan's br. c. Goldfield, by Springfield, dam Crucible, 122 lbs. (T. Cannon) 0
Mr. C. J. Lefevre's b. c. Ladislas, by Hampton, dam Lady Superior, 122 lbs. (G. Fordham) 0
Lord Hastings's b. c. Beau Brummel, by George Frederick, dam Ma Belle, 122 lbs. (J. Watts) 0
Mr. G. G. Stend's ch. c. Splendor, by Speculation, dam Bathide, 122 lbs. (J. Snowden) 0
Lord Bradford's ch. c. Laocoon, by Euclydes, dam Adversity, 122 lbs. (J. Gouter) 0
Mr. C. J. Lefevre b. c. Bon-Jour, by Rosterclan, dam Bonnie Kate, 122 lbs. (C. Loates) 0
Mr. T. Cannon's b. c. Sigmophone, by Young Trumpeter, dam Eau de Cologne, 122 lbs. (S. Loates) 0
Time 2:43 2-5, or 2 4-5 slower than Shotover won in 1882, and 13-5 slower than the American horse Troilus won in 1881. The best time on record is 2:43, made by Kettledrum and Blair Athol in 1861 and 1864, respectively. The betting continued very heavy, and closed with Galliard the favorite at 7 to 2 offered and taken, 5 to 1 each against Prince, Goldfield and St. Blaise, 11 to 2 against Ladislas, 10 to 1 against Beau Brummel, 16 to 1 against Highland Chief, 20 to 1 against Splendor, 43 to 1 each against Laocoon and Bon-Jour, and 100 to 1 against Sigmophone.

OUTRAGES ON WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Record of Beastly Deeds in All Parts of the Country.

Maggie Preston, adopted daughter of John Burgdorfer, of Catawba Island, Ohio, was found in her father's house, shot through the body, on the afternoon of May 17, under mysterious circumstances. She claims that a masked man entered the house while she was there alone and attempted to outrage her; but, failing in this, went to a bureau drawer and got a revolver and shot her, the ball entering her breast and coming out at the back, making a dangerous but not necessarily fatal wound. A posse is now hunting for the unknown man, and he will be summarily dealt with if found.

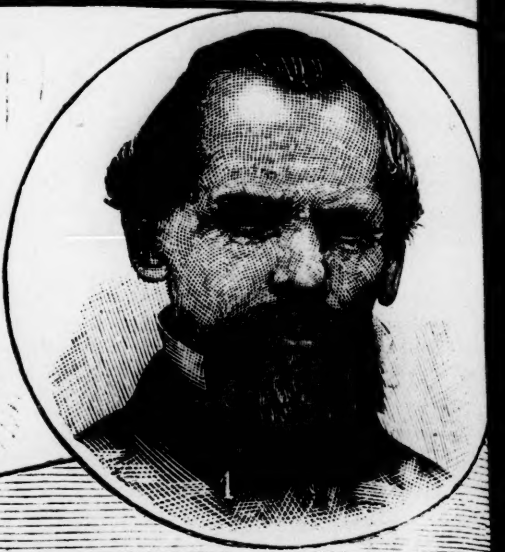
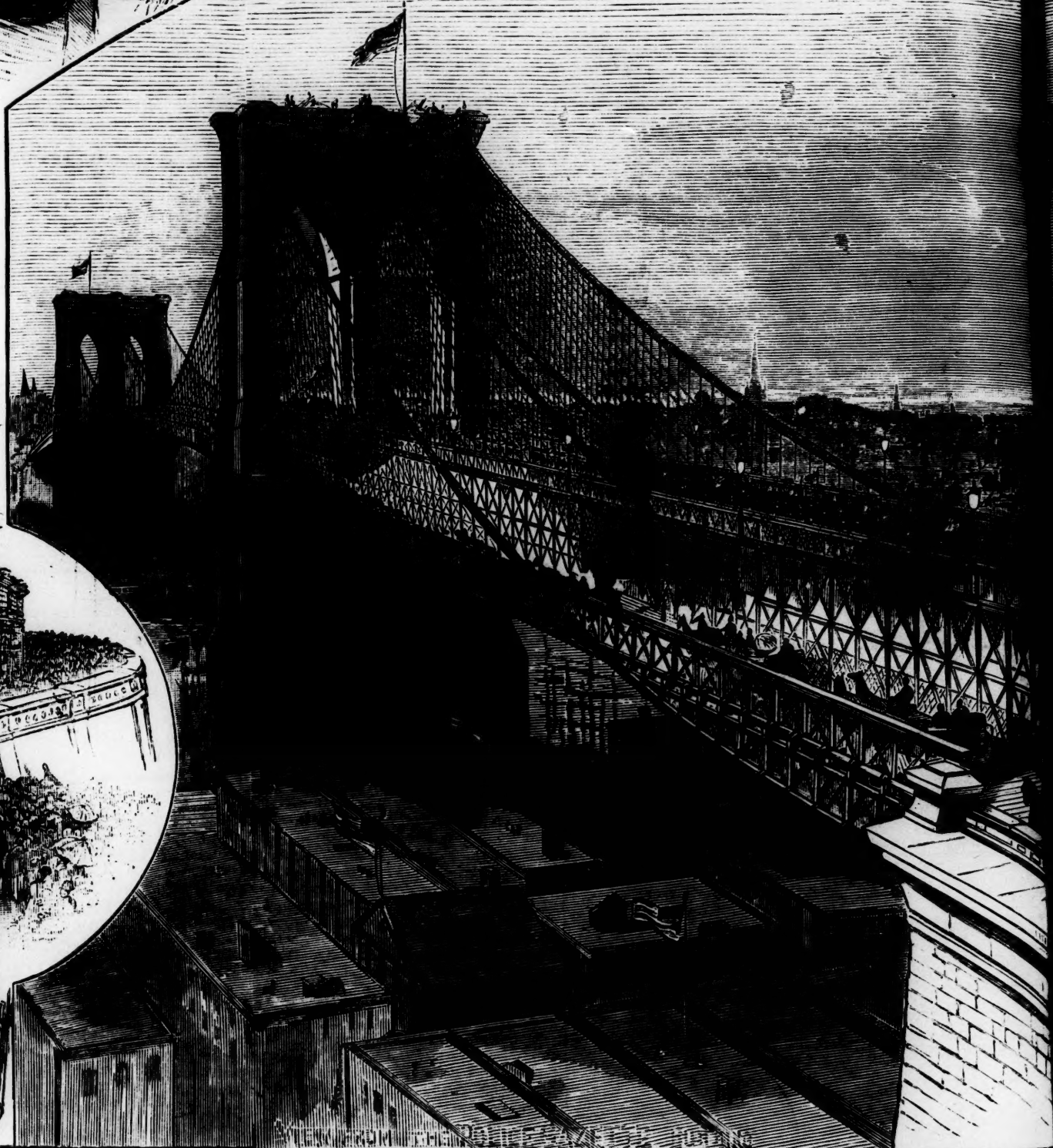
Fritz Strauss, an unmarried broom maker of Tribe's Hill, N. Y., on the night of May 16 raped the four-year-old daughter of Fred Clappmeyer, his fellow-workman. Clappmeyer found Strauss in the woods, where he had fled, and beat him horribly. His friends put him on board the midnight train for New York, but he is said to have died en route.

On May 15, T. W. Carter, a prominent citizen of Atkins, Ark., was arrested on a charge of incest. On May 18 he committed suicide. He was lying in a room on a pallet at the time, and there were two guards with him. How he got the pistol is unknown. His daughter Jennie is only 16 years of age. He compelled her to submit to his lust for a year or more, when at last she fled, and told her awful story to people who protected and sent her to Mississippi. The officers at last got wind of the story. At this time Carter disappeared, but was pursued, captured, brought back and placed in durance vile. The officers then went to Mississippi, got the daughter, and arrived at Atkins with her on the 18th inst. Within a very few moments after her arrival the brutal parent had blown out his brains.

HE WAS TAUGHT A LESSON.

A young man jumped off a ferryboat last week with the intention of committing suicide. The old man sprang into the water and rescued him. When the old man got the would-be suicide on shore, he knocked him down, and as soon as the poor devil got on his feet again, the old man knocked him down once more; and then catching him by the back of the neck, shook him until his teeth chattered. "Maybe that'll tache yez not to commit suicide whin I'm around, ye infernal ejut. Whin I was a young man meself I had hapas av trouble, an' I wanted to commit suicide, but was praveinted. If I'd succeeded then, what sort av an opinion do yez think I would have av meself now?"

THE village doctor is laying in a new stock of splints and bandages, for, lo, the hammock season draweth nigh.

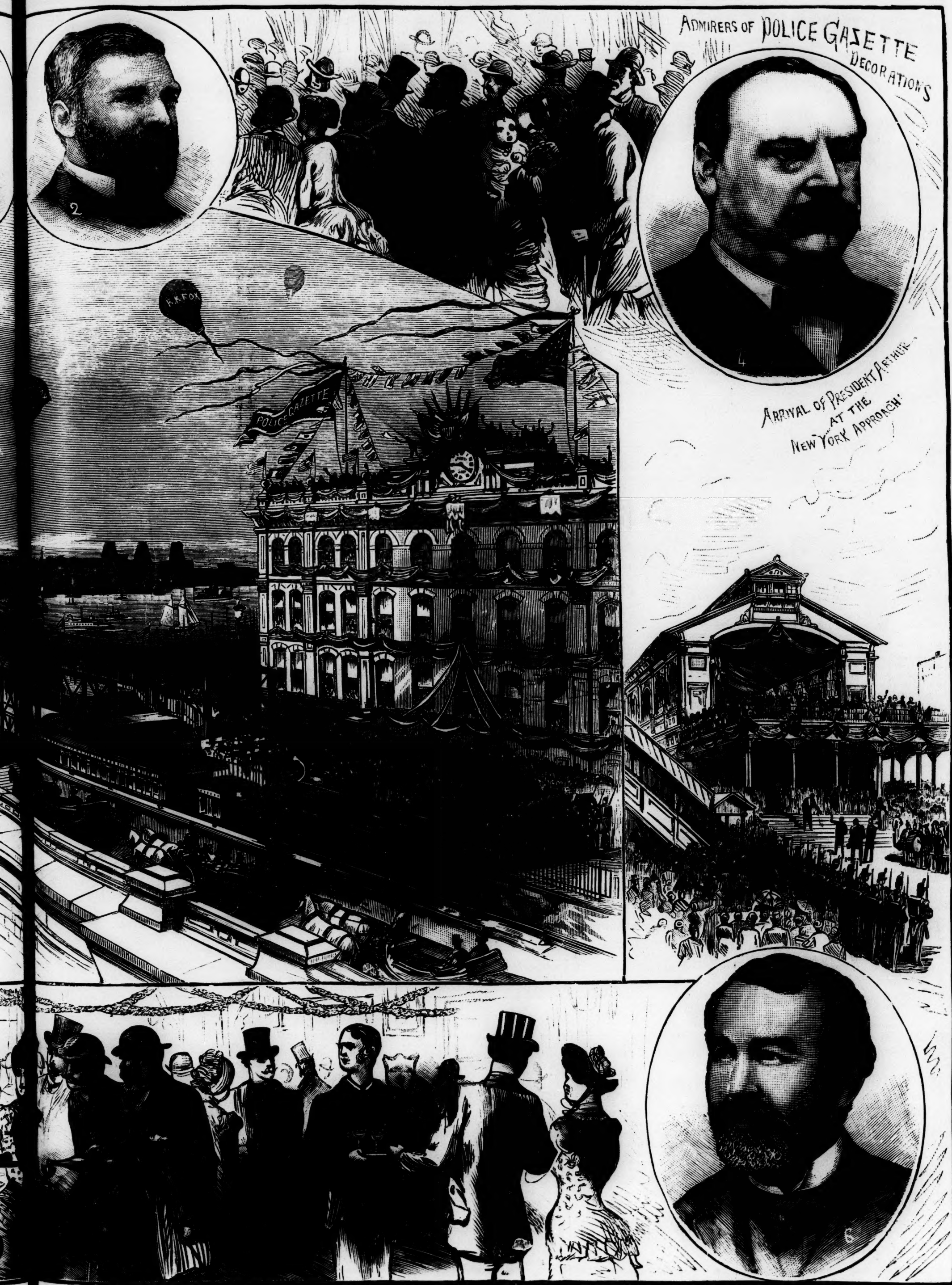
VISITORS TO THE
POLICE GAZETTE BUILDINGBROOKLYN AUTHORITIES AT THE
SANDS ST. ENTRANCE

LUNCHEON IN THE POLICE GAZETTE ROOMS

THE WIRE WEDDING OF N

UNION OF THE TWO GREAT CITIES BY THE WORK OF LOCAL ENTERPRISE AND AMERICAN ENGINEERING SKILL---SCENES AND INCIDENTS

NO. 1—JOHN A. ROEBLING. NO. 2—WASHINGTON A. ROEBLING, NO. 3—PRESIDENT A.



NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

INCIDENTS OF THE OPENING OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, WITH PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PARTIES CONNECTED WITH THE ENTERPRISE.
 NO. 4-GOVERNOR CLEVELAND. NO. 5-MAYOR LOW. NO. 6-MAYOR EDSON.

THE PRIZE RING.

Heroes of the Good Old Times and Their Wrangles.

Tom Hyer's Reign Over the American Sports, and Several Notable Points in His Remarkable Career.

In this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we will commence a series of interesting sketches of pugilism, entitled "The Prize Ring Heroes." We will commence our series with Tom Hyer, the first champion pugilist of America, who, by his great contests in the prize ring with George McClester, better known as Country McCloskey, and Yankee Sullivan, stamped himself as the greatest pugilist who ever entered the ring. Tom Hyer was born in the city of New York on Jan. 1, 1819; and, as soon as he was of sufficient growth, was apprenticed to the butcher business, becoming associated with a class of sports noted for their boldness and courage. Tom's father, Jacob Hyer, was the first man (of whom we have any authentic record) to engage in a regular ring fight in this country. As little attention was given to prize fighting in Jacob Hyer's day (1812), we are able to give but few particulars which can fairly be considered as authentic. One of his antagonists was Tom Beasley, and the fight took place some three years before the renowned Tom was born. Although it was not, in the strict acceptance of the term, a prize fight, it is usually regarded as the first ring fight at which the sporting public were represented, and some attempts at uniform observances of rules were kept in view. Both combatants were large and powerful men; but, so far as we can learn, scientific rules were gradually ignored as the fight progressed. A rough and tumble became the order of the day; and at last, one of Hyer's arms having been broken, mutual friends intervened, and the result was a sort of indecisive draw, after the men had fought several severely contested rounds.

Of early days of Tom Hyer we can glean but little information, as the pugilist was a very close man on these points. Our hero's first battle in the 24-foot ring arose out of a political difficulty.

John McClester, better known as Country McCloskey, was the leader of a rival faction, who had a great opinion of his fighting abilities, and his many followers looked upon him as their champion. It was in fact, the general opinion that he was able to handle anybody.

Shortly after (Jim) Yankee Sullivan had whipped Vince Hammond, the English pugilist (who kept a hotel at North East, Maryland), McClester got pugilism on the brain, and, rushing from the Old Sawdust house in Division street, Yankee Sullivan's sporting drum, he made a bee-line one day (Sept. 8, 1841) down Chatham street, to Tom Hyer's sporting headquarters, 28 Park row, and dared Hyer to fight him in the city hall park. Hyer was on hand, but respectfully declined to run the risk of a breach of the peace in so public a place. He offered, however, to fight McCloskey anywhere up the historical Hudson river. McCloskey was willing, and arrangements were made for the mill. The rivals agreed to leave with a select number of friends on the first boat that left for Albany, N. Y., on Sept. 9, 1841. According to appointment, they and a large crowd filled the Albany boat and proceeded up the river to Caldwell's landing. Neither man had any training, and both were, to use the trainers' vernacular, hog fat. A suitable piece of table land was found after climbing a steep hill. No ring was made with stakes or ropes, but Jake Somerindyke, the veteran sporting man, laid out the ring Indian fashion. As the battle was to settle a quarrel, instigated by jealous enemies, who professed to doubt the gameness of the rival giants, desperate fighting was the order of the day. The men agreed to fight with a rest of 30 seconds between each round. Jake Somerindyke and Andy Reynolds seconded Hyer. Aleck Hamilton was bottleholder. Yankee Sullivan and Ketchum seconded McCloskey, while Tom Nesbitt was bottleholder.

Hyer was 22 years of age, stood 6 ft 1 in in height and weighed 176 lbs. McCloskey stood 5 ft 10 in in height and weighed 160 lbs. Following is the official report of the desperate battle:

ROUND 1. On time being called, the men went right to work. Country led with his left, but was stopped by Hyer, who countered on Country's left cheek, doing great damage. After a sharp exchange, both closed, and Hyer threw Country like a load of bricks, amid tremendous cheering.

2. Both men came up eagerly, Country led off left and right, and succeeded in planting a heavy blow over Hyer's eye, which started the claret (first blood for Country). Hyer responded with a desperate rally, at the close of which he was sent to the ground by a body blow from Country, whose right hand was severely hurt by the force with which he struck Hyer.

3. Hyer stopped with his left, made a rush, clinched and threw Country heavily.

4. Hyer quick with his left upon Country's fifth rib; the latter countered on the breast, but caught a hard one on the jaw in return. A clinch and tussle ensued, during which they top-knotted severely. They closed and tussled again, and Country went down with Hyer upon him.

5. Hyer hit out slightly, and received on the collar bone in return. He answered this by a tremendous body blow; a clinch followed, and Country went heavily to the ground.

6. Country led off right and left, and brought Hyer to the ground in a clean and handsome manner by a subsequent body blow.

7. Smart counter hits right and left; Hyer caught a heavy body blow; the men clinched, and Country went down heavily.

8. Several exchanges, a rally, and terrific fighting all over the ring. Hyer clinched, and, after a short tussle, threw Country with a dashing fall.

9. Country got in a heavy body blow on the left side (his favorite point), which Hyer returned with tremendous force on the mouth, and received a severe jaw-breaker in return, immediately followed by another somewhat lighter; then followed brisk exchanges, the last of which from Country brought Hyer down clean. This round lasted nine minutes.

10. Smart exchanges; a break—Hyer gathered cautiously, then let loose, and caught Country a terrible right hander on one eye. Country then caught Hyer on the hip and forced him to the ground, hurting his right hand again with the blow, as in the second round.

11. Up to this time Country had the advantage, but he now gave evident signs of distress. Hyer, freshening with his punishment, struck fiercely and with tremendous execution; the last blow fell upon Country's eye badly; Hyer then ran in, clinched, threw and fell heavily upon him.

12. Wild exchanges—a rally and Country went to the ground.

Five rounds of hard fighting and alternate success here followed, the last ending in a clinch, which resulted in Country falling.

13. On coming up this time, Country opened the ball, but was stopped left and right. Hyer returned and Country caught two visitations on the mouth; returned by a body blow from Country in his favorite spot on the left followed by a clinch and Country's overthrow.

14. Sharp rally, counter hits ending in mutual blows, which brought both to the ground at the same time.

15. Hyer led off, but Country got away; slight counter; Country retreated, but rallied and got in a heavy body blow; Hyer followed, threatening mischief. Country rallied again, reeled, slipped and fell.

16. Heavy exchanges, a clinch, a break, hard hitting; another clinch and Country down.

17. Desperate fighting, and both down.

The five ensuing rounds consisted of rapid exchanges of body blows, and each round ended with a throw, three to Country and two to Hyer.

18. Country had bellows to mend, but Hyer's wind seemed to freshen. He tried to put in his left, but Country got away. Country then advanced, but made round hits, struck short, and was sent to grass by an ugly collar-bone blow from Hyer.

19. Both came up manfully. Country led off this time, causing a brisk rally, which brought Hyer to the ground.

20. Country's friends, cheered by this, encouraged their man with: "You've got him now, Country; give him one of them old Chatham square fellows." "Yes, he has!" returned Hyer, ironically, accompanying the remark by a tremendous visitation on the left side of Country's nose, which appeared to have literally split it in two. The blow struck Country clean down.

21. Country showed his distress. The fight was now plainly Hyer's, and 20 to 5 was offered on him and taken two or three times. Hyer led off, a rally followed, ending in a clinch and Country down again.

22. Terrible right hand blow on Hyer's ribs, which were now dreadfully swollen from Country's repeated hitting; a clinch, hit again, and Hyer down.

23. A rally, clinch, and Hyer threw Country with tremendous force.

On went the battle, both pugilists punishing each other terribly during the next 20 rounds, in which Country was either knocked or fought down. In the 62d round Hyer knocked Country clear off his pins. The battle was continued with desperate determination, both pugilists punishing each other terribly. After 35 rounds had been fought, Country was evidently in a helpless state, and able only to receive punishment. To save further unnecessary suffering, his seconds determined to draw him; but the indomitable John McClester begged in the most earnest manner to be allowed one more round.

In the 64th round, McCloskey staggered up, made a pass with his left, was caught, and went down flying. Again his seconds would have drawn him; but he begged as before, and was allowed the privilege once more.

In the 65th round, Hyer punished Country terribly. The last six rounds were terrific examples of desperate fighting, and only continued by the urgent pleadings of Country against the better judgment of his seconds. At the 100th round, Hyer, vexed with Country's obstinacy, exclaimed: "O, let him come in, let him come in; I'll kill him this time." There was no brag in the assertion, for Hyer then could hit Country wherever or whenever he pleased. Yankee Sullivan, therefore, insisted upon Country giving up the fight after Hyer had given his opponent the coup de grace in the way of a severe collar bone blow. These 101 rounds occupied 2h. 55s. Hyer seemed "good" for another hour or two. Although not fought strictly according to modern rules, this certainly was a well-contested battle. It stamped Hyer an out-and-out pugilist, able to cope against anyone; while the battle proved McCloskey a bold and courageous pugilist. The best commentary we can offer upon this fight is the fact that, although originally caused by a quarrel, the principals from that day became firm friends, and thus remained until the death of Hyer's plucky opponent.

Barney Blake, the Irish giant, on May 19 displayed his pugilistic abilities in a glove contest with Alf Cassidy, at the "Police Gazette" sporting hall, 295 Avenue A, New York. Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, has held forth a standing challenge, offering \$100 to any pugilist who could stand up and box the giant four rounds. Several boxers have tried their mawleys on the big one, but he has stopped them all. On May 19 Alf assidly went to Daly's to win the \$100; but after boxing in red hot style for three rounds, the Irish giant landed a sweeping right hand blow on Cassidy's neck and knocked him senseless. It was several minutes before the knocked-out was brought to, and then he was unable to again tackle the giant, and the contest ended.

The pugilistic boom is increasing throughout the country. Several new matches have been arranged, and others are on the tapis. At Richfield, Mo., on May 18, a prize fight was arranged between Hugh McManus and Jim Fell, well-known pugilists. The rivals met, with a large crowd of sports, and, in a business-like manner, sent on \$50 forfeit to Richard K. Fox, and signed the following articles of agreement:

"Articles of agreement entered into this 15th day of May, 1883, between Hugh McManus and James Fell. The said McManus and the said Fell hereby agree to fight a fair stand up fight, according to the new rules of the prize ring, by which the said McManus and the said Fell hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of \$200 a side, and shall take place on the 16th day of July, 1883, within 100 miles of Richfield, the man winning the toss to give the opposite party 10 days notice of the place. The said McManus and Fell to be confined to no pounds, and to weigh at — on — the — day of — 18 —, between the hours of — and —, when either man exceeding — lbs shall forfeit the money deposited. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 6 a. m. and 10 a. m., or the man absent shall forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne by the men mutually, share and share alike. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$25 a side is now deposited in the hands of Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who shall be final stakeholder. The remaining deposits shall be made as follows: The second, of \$175 a side, on the 6th

day of July, 1883, with the final stakeholder at the POLICE GAZETTE office, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 6 p. m.

"The said deposits must be put up not later than 6 p. m. on the days aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amounts due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. The referee to be chosen on the ground. In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving the money up.

"In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names—

"Witness:
"WILLIAM FELL,
"THOMAS McMANUS."

It was expected that Jimmy Murray of this city, the pugilist who defeated Bennie Greene of Providence, and afterwards fought a draw with Ed Frazier of Boston, would have been matched to fight Robert Turnbull of Brooklyn on May 22, but the fight did not take place owing to Murray refusing to meet Turnbull unless the purse subscribed was \$300 instead of \$200. Turnbull had been in training under the mentorship of Tom McAlpine and was eager for the fray. On May 21, Turnbull called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match with John Dempsey of Brooklyn, E. D., to fight for \$200 to \$500. His backer left \$50 as earnest money, and if Dempsey covers it he will have no trouble in arranging a match. Turnbull stated he was also ready to fight Murray within 10 days' notice, for \$200, and if Murray will agree to fight for that amount a match, no doubt, will be arranged.

The proposed mill between Gilmore and Fulljames still hangs fire, and it is doubtful that the men will ever come together. Fulljames still adheres to his first proposition to fight for \$1,000 and the lightweight championship, while Gilmore wants to fight for a purse. Fulljames says he cannot leave his business to train for a mill unless the stakes are large enough to pay him for his loss and trouble.

Since the glove contest between Charley Mitchell and John L. Sullivan, the air has been full of fights and rumors of fights. Billy Edwards, the retired lightweight champion, is eager to box Mitchell with gloves. A purse of \$2,000 was offered Edwards and Mitchell to box for, but Edwards did not like the idea of competing for purses. Edwards, in a social chat with some friends, said: "The difference between Mitchell and me in size, height and weight is far greater than between Sullivan and Mitchell. He is taller, bigger, longer in the reach and 15 years younger than I am; but, for all that, I am willing to go up against him on the same terms on which he met Sullivan." If Edwards and Mitchell decide to meet in the arena, Arthur Chambers will train and second Edwards.

As might be expected, Sullivan, when he returned to Boston after his battle with Mitchell and set to with his old opponent, John Flood, received quite an ovation from his friends. He at once called upon Patsy Sheppard, his right bower, at the Abbey in Hayward place. In conversation about his contest with Mitchell Sullivan said:

"I weighed 206 lbs stripped on Monday night, and, though I was far from being fit for a long struggle, yet I was feeling first-rate, and fought just as I intended to. I didn't use my right at first because I wanted to draw Mitchell on; but when I did begin to smash him with it, the jig was soon up."

"Did he knock you down fairly?"

"Yes, he did," was the reply. "I'll give him full credit for that. I had my feet close together, and was just going to step on his, but he was too quick for me, and toppled me over on my seat with a blow on my right cheek bone. You can see by the little abrasion on my skin that the blow was only a light one, not enough to blacken my eye, and had my legs been apart it wouldn't have budged me. But they weren't apart, and so I sat down for a second; but that roused me, and the way I hammered him after that soon put the steam out of him. They talk about my crowding him on the ropes. In the very first round he tried to force me over the ropes, but I turned him as easy as though he were a child, and had I been disposed to be vicious towards him I could have thrown him out of the ring a dozen times. The card in the papers is nothing but rot. He says he wasn't knocked down, when every reporter and every man of the 15,000 who were present saw me knock him over a dozen times like a sack of salt."

Arthur Chambers, the retired lightweight champion pugilist, says that he is ready at any time to match Tug Wilson to fight Charley Mitchell for \$1,000 a side. We have never seen either Mitchell or Tug Wilson fight according to London prize ring rules; but we have seen both of them face the so-called invincible Sullivan. On the one hand, Wilson played the drop game, and did not come up to expectations, although by trick and device he prevented Sullivan from knocking him out of time. Mitchell, on the other hand, stood manfully in front of Sullivan and received his punishment like a Spartan. If Mitchell and Tug should ever fight, we think that Mitchell's part of the bargain would be by far the better—that is, judging from their performances with Sullivan. The champion, who has met both of the English champions, differs from us in this respect. In a recent interview, he said: "I don't think that Mitchell is as good as Tug Wilson. He is certainly not better. I read in the press, and I have been told, that he proved himself superior to Tug Wilson; but I don't believe everything I see in the papers, and, as I did not witness the affair myself, could offer no opinion in regard to their respective merits, except from the knowledge derived from my own personal experience with both men."

On May 5, the sporting denizens of Plattsburgh, Neb., were treated to a first-class mill. The principals were Adolph Rudabeck and August Reinhardt, two young aspirants for fistic fame. Both are boys, and they fought round after round until Rudabeck fell exhausted and Reinhardt was declared the winner. Both pugilists were frightfully punished, having fought desperately for nearly an hour. They were learning trades in the B. & M. shops at Plattsburgh, and because they engaged in the mill their employers had them suspended from the shops for 15 days. The boys had some difficulty before which, in all probability, this will settle. We guess their employers are not of the sportive kind, when they stop the boxers from working merely because they engaged in a mill. We suppose if the pugilists had cut or slashed each other with knives, or engaged in a pistol popping

match, nothing would have been said about the matter.

A POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Salt Lake, Utah, sends us the following report of a slashing mill fought at Ogden, Utah, recently, between Joe Ryan, hailing from the Pacific slope, and Jimmy Lysaght of Rochester, N. Y. They fought with bare knuckles, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$300. A large crowd of sporting men assembled to witness the fight, and Ryan was the favorite. Lysaght weighed 165 pounds, Ryan 181 pounds. The battle was a desperate one from the start. Ryan gained first blood in the second round and first fall in the third. They fought without either gaining any advantage for 20 rounds, when Lysaght knocked Ryan down by a tremendous blow on the bridge of the nose. Ryan was carried to his corner bleeding like a "stuck pig." It was all his seconds could do to bring him round to renew the fight. On time being called for the 21st round, he came up groggy and was fought down. In the 22d round Lysaght punished Ryan terribly, and again fought him down. The 23d round ended the fight. Lysaght knocked Ryan all over the ring, and he was fought down in a bleeding and helpless condition. On time being called, Ryan was unable to stand, and Lysaght was declared the winner. The fight lasted 58 minutes, and Ryan had to be carried from the ring.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

He Sowered on Her and Tried to Drown Instead of Marrying Her.

At Waterloo, Wis., there is a lively society excitement prevailing over the charges made by Miss Clara Voight, a belle, against her beau, Mr. Joseph Thomas. Clara said to a reporter in explanation of her thrilling love episode:

"Thomas called on me Saturday, May 12, and desired me to walk with him. We quarrelled a little about the promised marriage. Upon arriving at a mill pond about a mile from the village he locked arms with me, and we walked to a point on the bank of the pond near where some willows were growing. We stood here for a few minutes, when suddenly, without saying a word, he pushed me down the bank into the water, he following me, taking hold of me and holding me some seconds under the water. He then let me come to the surface, when I attempted to get a hold on the willows near by, but failed. He then held me under the water a second time, soon letting me come to the surface again. I tried again to grasp the willows, but failed as before. I was again held under the water, and allowed to come to the surface, but this time I got a firm hold on the willows, and drew myself up on my feet, still standing in the water above my knees. After drawing myself up, I screamed for help, when he grabbed me by the throat and began to choke me, at which time Mr. Lord and wife came up and asked him what he was up to, when he released me and walked a few paces away, saying at the same time that I had jumped into the pond and that he was trying to save me."

Thomas tells this story: "I went out walking with Miss Voight Saturday evening. We walked up the track about 20 rods west of the large railroad bridge, about a mile and a half west of town, and then turned back and went over to Boorman's millpond. After we left the railroad track we were followed by a person carrying a lantern, we keeping about three rods ahead of him. During our walk Miss Voight accused me of waiting on another girl at Sun Prairie, saying she had heard of it several times, and she was worked up considerably about it. I at last became vexed about the matter and told her that if she wished to believe other persons sooner than me she might go to h—l. Then she got excited and said if that was the way I was going to treat her she was going to drown herself. We had by this time reached the pond, when she again said something about drowning and threw herself into the water. I rushed in to get her, and while helping her up to the bank Mr. Lord came and helped me."

Mr. Lord, who, with his wife, saw the couple, says: "We heard the screams several times. One was a kind of smothered scream. The woman said that the man was trying to kill her; and would have done so if we had not arrived in time. She acted very much afraid of the man. She clung to me and kept asking me to save her—to keep the man away. All the way home she kept hurrying me up, saying the man had a knife and would try and kill her."

ROWDY RIDDEN CHICAGO.

Another Fatal Bar Room Duel Excites the Sports and Toughs.

According to a correspondent, who writes from Chicago under date of May 20, there is a very blood-thirsty spirit prevailing among the sports and roughs of that city. The latest affair that has excited the town is similar in its features to the tragic battle between Elliott and Dunn. On the afternoon of the 20th James Connolly was standing in his saloon on Harrison street near fourth avenue. It was about 4 o'clock. W. G. Curtis walked in, greeted Connolly very heartily; and, shaking hands with him, asked him to drink. The two went up to the bar and were waited upon by Cody, the bartender. While Connolly was raising his glass to his mouth, Curtis drew his revolver and shot him in the right side just above the hip. Connolly dropped to the floor, and turning over, pulled his revolver out of his pocket and blazed away as he lay at Curtis. The shot took effect in his abdomen. Curtis said to Cody: "You want some of this, do you?" and shot at the bartender, who quickly dodged down behind the bar. Cody opened the drawer where he kept his revolver, and grasping it he raised up and snapped it three or four times at Curtis. It was not loaded. Curtis made for the door, and as he went out Connolly fired at him again, but missed him. Curtis went a short distance and then dropped on the sidewalk. He was taken by the patrol to his residence with Alderman Appleton. Curtis was wounded in the head during the war with the south, and was trepanned. Every time he gets too much liquor he becomes half crazed, and is a dangerous and bloodthirsty man. He has been running Shang Andrews' paper, the *Sporting Life*, for some time. His injuries, though severe, are not necessarily fatal. The surgeons at the hospital pronounce Connolly's wound a fatal one. There are conflicting accounts about the causes of the shooting, but from all that can be learned it was simple madness on Curtis' part, caused by too much bad whiskey. The police are anticipating much blood letting on account of the acquittal and honoring of Jere Dunn, and it is said that the pawnbrokers and dealers in small arms have been doing a thrifty business since the acquittal.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

THE New Yorks ought to be called home. KEEFE is handling the sphere for all it is worth. DANIELS is the most popular umpire in the country. The western clubs are playing baseball for it is worth. The American association really has not a weak club in it. POWELL of the Detroiters is playing in his old style at first base. The left-handed batters are all doing heavy batting this season. WIDEMAN did some excellent work in Chicago and proved a perfect puzzle for the great champions.

BILL TAYLOR a few days since drank a glass of water in mistake for beer, and has been sick ever since.

MAY BE the Chicagoers aren't cutting their throats because they let Quest go, as he is playing baseball in wonderful style this season.

The western people are mopping up the field with poor Odlin, and advise him to resign from his official position before he is kicked out.

The Porttown people think their champion nine will "catch on" as soon as Snyder's hunger gets well. There is nothing like grasping at a straw.

MANAGER PHILLIPS is getting good work out of the Columbus club, who are holding their own splendidly in the race for the championship.

It was through the exquisite fielding of Kelly and Gore that the Chicagoers defeated the New Yorks, May 15, at Chicago, when the score was 8 to 7.

WHERE it is not for the Providence club the eastern section of the league would suffer greatly in their present western tour, as the other three eastern clubs are being handled like mops.

The Trenton Interstate club announce that they intend to make several improvements in their team. The improvement needed is nine new men that know something about ball playing.

LADIES' day at St. Louis proved one of the grandest events in baseball circles this season. There were over 1,500 ladies within the enclosure, which swelled the attendance to over 6,000.

MR. JOHN B. DAY, president of the Metropolitan Exhibition company, is having nine beautiful wooden statues made to represent New York city in the league, in place of the antiquated New York nine.

THE western papers censured the eastern in the beginning of the season for shaking up the league umpires, but they are now going for them tenfold stronger than the eastern papers ever thought of doing.

THE New Yorks have a slashing, good team, and if they would only brace up, and if they would only take a drop on the slow and brace up like the Metropolitans did, they would startle the entire country.

STOCKWELL, of the Chicago club, who imagined he was not getting show enough at catching, asked for his release, which was granted, and he is now filling that position for the Grand Rapids of Michigan.

KEEFE of the Metropolitans is doing phenomenal pitching this season and has no superior in the American Association. The players have perfect confidence in him, and are giving the finest kind of field support.

MANAGER MITCHELL went to Chicago to try and make the New Yorks play better ball; but he might as well have gone to a warmer climate for "the good old time," as it is impossible to get out of men that which is not in them.

It is amusing to see the style in which the Columbus reporter, Kennedy, went to see his girl Sunday evening, but he must have been down in fine style, as he came to the polo ground Monday with his face, neck and hands scratched very badly.

THE St. Louis Blackbirds, after an extended tour, in which they played 10 games, returned to their homes, and encountered the Grand avenue club of St. Louis, who polished them up to the queen's taste, putting them away to the tune of 6 to 0.

KEEFE of the Metropolitan club, is anxious to meet someone in the baseball arena that he can make a match with to run a five-mile foot race. He has had this on his brain ever since Lynch and Dave Orr ran a three-mile foot race on the Polo ground.

WHITNEY had to act as captain in the Boston-Cleveland game, May 15, at Cleveland, but he lost his head and also the game, he got not being blessed with Burdock's lung power, as it is Burdock's mouth which is the secret of the success of the Bostonians.

THE Metropolitans are picking up in their playing since Holbert has been elected captain, and it will now be but a short time until they will be battling with the Athletics and Cincinnati for the head of the list in the race for the championship of the American Association.

A Boston paper, in speaking of the Beacon-Harvard game, said that "the Beacon, with the assistance of the umpire, defeated the Harvard 15." This is not very startling information, as it is by the assistance of the umpire that half the games throughout the country are won.

CHEST VON DER RHE has at last taken a drop on his man Sullivan and there will most likely be a change in the management of the St. Louis club. Sullivan made the biggest blunder of his life when he released Walker, who is now playing in brilliant style with the Brooklyn club.

THERE are strong complaints against the Allegheny to the effect that they are drinking hard, but this is certainly a mistake, for no one could accuse them of such a thing to look at their faces, as it is easily seen that the blood comes from Pittsburgh smoke and swallowing too much cold water.

THE Detroit club have a pleasant way of giving their new pitchers the most wretched support when they make their debut. When McIntyre was given a trial they allowed the Philadelphia to score eight unearned runs in a single inning, which is by no means encouraging to a young player.

THE Brooklyn club, exultant over their glorious victory over the Allegheny, of Pittsburgh, May 18, visited Camden, New Jersey, on the 19th, thinking, as a matter of course, they would beat the Camdeners after defeating the Alleghenys, but were knocked out, to their great chagrin, to the tune of 16 to 1.

THE league may have imagined that they were doing a grand act when they selected four idiots, who did not know anything about baseball, to occupy the most important position on the diamond field; but they are now smarting under their blunder. It was a backward season and they were sadly left.

THE lively style in which the Western people pounce upon an umpire was something more than Buchanan could stand; so he tendered his resignation as an official umpire, and returned to his home in this city. He speaks of the position as a hell on earth, recommending any man to try it if he is in doubt.

LANE, the league umpire, who is of splendid physique, is one of the nattiest boys in the baseball arena. He is a great masher and something of an actor, and the style in which he takes in the grand stand when foul balls are hit does credit to his histrionic ability, and makes the hearts of the ladies flutter.

IN the game, May 15, at Buffalo, Gatrin was knocked clean out of the box by Farrell and Start. Farrell drove a liner at him which staggered him, and Start finished him up with a terrific line-ball, which struck him in the ribs, doubling him up in a heap, causing him to retire from the field and give place to Derby.

NINE thousand shivering baseball "boons" sat freezing in the cold, May 20, at St. Louis, watching the St. Louis and Columbus clubs playing in their ulsters. The St. Louis club won the game by a score of 5 to 1, owing to the Columbus club having some half dozen runs frozen to the bases before they could make the circuit.

THIS is the style in which the Detroit Free Press does up Odlin, "the dude." "Mr. Odlin is undoubtedly an honest youth; but graduating from two colleges has not made him a competent umpire. He is incompetent to a lamentable degree, and Secretary Young should allow him to return to the verdant pastures of the White mountains without delay. The League can spare him; possibly the law cannot."

THE Yale college boys made a big mash with Lotta, May 12, when they played the Harvard at New Haven. This favorite actress visited the grounds in her carriage, by a special invitation of the club, and in return she invited them to occupy a box at the theatre that evening, which was readily accepted; and it is said to say that the applause she received on that occasion has never been surpassed.

EVERY club has a Jonah. The great difficulty with some of them seems to be to find out which one is Jonah. The Buffalos have discovered that Derby is the Jonah of their club, while the New Yorks are busily engaged hunting the Jonah of the League team. Little do they know, however, that the League team is composed of 13 Jonahs.

SOME time since the Detroit club started an amateur tournament in order to enable them to select good material from the amateur ranks. They gave one of these amateur pitchers an opportunity to show his skill against the Philadelphia club, May 16. His debut was a grand success, as the Detroiters came off victors, 11 to 10.

ONE of the finest exhibition games witnessed in St. Louis for some years past took place May 13, between the Eclipse and St. Louis clubs. The assemblage were kept in a fever heat of excitement from the start to the finish. The batting and fielding was of the sharpest nature, the St. Louis club coming off victors, by a score of 4 to 3.

BRADLEY wants to be released from the Clevelanders because he does not have an opportunity of pitching often enough; but the management refuses to grant his request, as Manager Baucroft thinks his mouth is of too great attraction in drawing a big crowd. His smile alone is sufficient guarantee that there will be at least a thousand people present.

THE Cincinnati people are carding themselves that their champion nine have not gotten on their batting clothes yet. Unless they get them on pretty soon, they will not fit them when they do get them on, as they are growing more "stuffy" every day, and they will be a lucky club if they get third position this season, their chances for the pennant having been lost some time since.

COLUMBUS have a great player in Kuchne, and the club ought to put him in a glass case to keep some one from stealing him. He has got ball playing down so fine that he runs overtop of all the grounders hit in the direction of second base, and drops all the thrown and fly balls that come to him. When the western clubs want to beat the Columbus, they always hit all their balls toward second base, and it is a dead certainty that they will win the game.

DERBY, the pitcher of the Buffalos, is worse than an old woman, and is much better suited to a scrubbing brush and mop than for the ball field. He made a good pitching record in the year one, when the devil was a baby, but his day of usefulness has gone by. The Buffalos put him in to pitch against the Bostonians, May 12, and he was knocked clean out of the field, the Bostonians getting 22 base hits with a total of 30, and earning 8 runs. It was the biggest picnic the Bostonians have had this season, and they ask no better pie than Derby to bat against.

THE Allegheny club have at last gotten their eyes open and have gone about work in a business-like manner. They have taken hold of the nine with a determination to make the men play ball or abandon the profession. The "only Nolan," whose face is a burlesque on a beer barrel, has been fined \$100 for inefficiency and drunkenness. Peters, the short-stop, is to be dropped over the back fence in a swill cart and taken to the dumping ground, and as soon as they can get Taylor short enough to talk to they will give him to understand he must either play ball or go back to carrying a hod.

THE original style of ball playing was exhibited at Petersburg, Virginia, May 14, when a colored club from Richmond visited that place and played a game with the local club. The game was very exciting, a vast amount of interest being taken in it, in fact, the interest was so great that it brought back the happy days of early ball playing, and pistols, razors, knives, bats, &c., were freely used. By the time the two nines and the spectators had done one another up pretty well, the police arrived and escorted them all to jail, where they had an opportunity to reflect upon the advantages attending the more modern style of playing.

LILLIE, a verdant youth, who was playing left for the Buffalos, made a fine display of his ignorance in base running, May 19, in the Buffalo-New York game, which proved highly beneficial to the New York "stuffs." There was a man on third, and another on second, and Lillie on first. Without stopping to see the damage he was doing, Lillie put for second base, and never let up until he struck the base, which forced both the other men off, and had them dancing about like "happy" toads between second and third and third and home. The result of his blunder was a doubling up of the men, and bringing to a close what threatened to be a very damaging inning.

DAILY, the celebrated one-armed crank, gave an exhibition of his childlike in New York city in 1880, when he was playing with the Metropolitan club. During the midst of a game between the Metropolitans and Troy, when there were several thousand people present, in course of a private conversation, when a reporter said "the game of the day previous had been lost through a foolish throw of Daily's to second base," the latter said: "If you say I lost that game I'm not going to play," and walked off the field before the entire assemblage, took off his uniform, and pouted around like a little three-year-old child. Whereupon the management of the club were obliged to hire another pitcher to finish the game.

SPEAKING of John Reilly's first base play, allow us the following, slightly altered from Pat Rooney's serious-chronic song of the same name:

Is that Long John Reilly,
With dukes like a bell?
Is that Long John Reilly,
We've often heard tell?
If that's Mr. Reilly,
They shake of so highly,
Why, dar'nt John Reilly,
You play the base well.

At this point the crank of the machine broke, and the idyl remains unfinished.—Columbus Times.

ODLIN, by his idiotic decisions during his 22-day experience as a league official umpire, gained more notoriety than any other man that has ever figured in the baseball arena. His name is now perfectly familiar with every person throughout the country interested in the slightest degree in baseball, even to the hoodling in the street. He was the butt of ridicule while in his official position, and made the league a laughing stock to all throughout the arena. His name will ever remain green in the memory of the admirers of our national game, as the moment an umpire makes a mistake and meets with disfavor with the assemblage, poor Odlin's name will be quoted. The western papers fairly groaned under the abuse they heaped upon this strapping, but we will let him descend alone, because we hate to hit a man when he is down.

THE people throughout the country have all been seized with the umpire fever this season, and in many places they feel it their duty to abuse the poor umpires if the home club gets the least bit behind. There is not a town in the United States, where a ball club is located, wherein there has not been a dead set made against an umpire. In the game at Springfield, Illinois, May 17, when the Springfielders were playing the Fort Waynes in a North-western championship game, the crowd would have mobbed the umpire had it not been for the timely interference of the two nines, who protected him with their bats until they got him safely into a carriage, and drove him away from the scene of confusion. The crowd was yelling, "Stone him!" "Rotten egg him!" "Mob him!" &c., but, really, no violent hands were laid upon him.

THE Cleveland Leader seemed to think the New York papers were somewhat hard upon Umpire Decker when he made his debut in New York city; but when they got him out in Cleveland they turned him over in the following style: "It was no fault of Umpire Decker that the Bostonians did not tie the game in the eighth inning. Sutton made a base hit to right field, and in trying to steal to second Braddy threw to Dunlap, who put the ball on Sutton while he was not within five feet of the base. Decker declared him safe on second. The decision was so horribly rank that it permeated the air with an odor most foul, and the spectators could not restrain their disapprobation, though Cleveland crowds are not much given to fault finding simply because a decision goes against them, for they were just as indignant when Hotelling was declared not out on a foul catch by Hornung."

A CAPITAL joke was played upon Manager Chapman and also on Bob Ferguson. A notice was strung up in a prominent window in Detroit, stating that a "small boy was wanted as umpire." The youngsters answered the advertisement by the hundreds, and they were all told to report at 12 o'clock sharp to Manager Chapman of the Detroiters, at the Griswold House. When the stately Chapman came down to dinner, the boys pounced on him like a lot of hungry wolves, each eager for the engagement. Seeing that he was the victim of a practical joke, the quick-witted Jack hastened to make use of the opportunity offered, by referring the entire crowd to Manager Bob Ferguson, of the Philadelphia club, who was stopping at the Brunswick. The scene which took place at the Brunswick was simply appalling. Poor "Bob," who was a handsome looking man, with jet-black hair and mustache, went out to the ball field that afternoon as bald as an eagle, and looking as if he had gone through a grist mill.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SENSATION WITH PEN AND PENCIL!

For the latest, truest and most authentic sensations of the town, read FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Sunday, price 5 cents, and for sale everywhere. Subscription rates: One year, \$2.50; Six months, \$1.25. Specimen copies furnished free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

D. W., Selma, Alabama.—No.

J. C., Jacksonville, Fla.—No.

A. T., Cotuit, Mass.—In a special railroad car.

J. D., New York City.—Yes; during the month of April, 1883.

W. W., Donaldson, Pa.—Neither wind. The game is a draw.

HARRY, Whitehall, Ill.—It is mailed Tuesday; the same day as dealers.

S. W., Cleveland, Ohio.—Alice Hawthorn won the Chester cup in 1842.

S. M., Providence, R. I.—Mitchell was born in Birmingham, England.

A. O. R., Columbus, Ohio.—Send 50 cents and we will mail you the book.

D. M., Albany, N. Y.—T. Sheridan, the actor and author, died Aug. 14, 1788.

W. S., Rochester, N. Y.—The Fenian raid into Canada took place June, 1866.

M. W., Vicksburg.—The battle of Mechanicsville was fought in 1861, not in 1863.

W. S. G., Williamsport, Pa.—The New Bowery theatre, N. Y., was burned Dec., 1866.

J. W. B., Gloversville, N. Y.—If you bet that Mitchell knocked Sullivan down you win.

W. T., Warsaw, Ky.—Send for the "Champions of the American and English Prize Ring."

D. M., Meriden, Conn.—Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered to Gen. U. S. Grant April 9, 1865.

J. M., Indianapolis, Ind.—Con Fitzgerald fought at about the same weight as Ned Price.

W. S., Boston, Mass.—Tom Sayers' weight, when he first fought George Sims, was 146 lbs.

CONSTANT READER, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Write to Secret service bureau, Washington, D. C.

C. M. A., Mount Pleasant, Pa.—Peck & Snyder, 120 Nassau street, New York, can supply you.

W. H. B., Omaha, Neb.—Lucien Marc Christol and Andre Christol are two different athletes.

J. K., Hancock, Mich.—If you want your challenge to fight any man in the world, send on a deposit.

M. W., Battery, N. Y.—In July, 1864, Con Fitzgerald challenged any man in America to fight for \$1,000.

C. E., Meriden, Conn.—We have no further details of the party than those we published on March 31.

S. W., San Antonio, Texas.—President Abraham Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation, Sept. 22, 1862.

S. W., Zanesville, Ohio.—Edwin Booth was born in Hartford county, near Baltimore, Md., in November, 1833.

A. & B., Portland, Me.—Wm. Madden, Mitchell's manager, is no relation to old Mike Madden, the English pugilist.

J. M., Black Rock, N. Y.—Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring." Price by mail, 50c.

H. H. D., New Orleans, La.—I. Charley Mitchell and Tug Wilson never fought. Tug Wilson is no match for Sullivan.

G. M., Allentown, N. Y.—I. Maurice O'Brien failed to post a forfeit. 2. If you want to issue a challenge send on a deposit.

W. S., Latonia Springs, Ky.—The 2,000 guineas in 1880 was worth \$24,250; in 1881, \$30,150; in 1882, \$25,000, and this year, 1883, \$21,000.

W. S., Bordentown, N. J.—Harry Kelly first won the single-scutt championship of England by beating J. A. Messenger, May 12, 1857.

J. W. M., Lockport, N. Y.—Tom Hyer was a native of New York and 45 years of age when he died, June 26, 1864, at 155 East 35th street, New York.

J. M. L., Colorado Springs, Col.—We have no authentic information on record of such affairs. It would be a hard matter to prove a pugilist sold a fight.

S. W., Louisville, Ky.—A man who bets on a "sure thing" wins, providing the subject is not a fraud which he has been instrumental in concocting.

M. D., Kennerly, Canada.—We would have no time to devote to such a contest, but we will hold the stakes or do anything that will assist you in that way.

J. J., Manchester, N. Y.—Joe Coburn was sent to state prison twice; once in 1858, for cutting a policeman, and again in 1877, for shooting two policemen.

W. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Bob Brettell came to this country in 1868.

J. W., Boston, Mass.—Jack Randall's height was 5 ft 6 in, and his fighting weight 146 lbs. 2. Old Dutch Sam was beaten twice by Brown, a butcher, and Neworthy.

M. H., Boston, Mass.—The Beekman street theatre stood in Beekman street, near Nassau street, in 1764. It was built in 1761 by Douglas, and razed in a riot in 1764.

D. W., Natik, Mass.—Dudley Kavanagh, the billiard player, on May 27, 1864, did issue a challenge to play John Roberts, the champion of England, two matches for \$5,000 each.

J. B., Ypsilanti, Mich.—Wm. Perry was called the "Tipton Slasher" because he was born at Tipton, England, and was, in the vernacular of the sports, a "slasher" at fighting.

J. S., Toronto, Canada.—Lucille Western was born in New Orleans, La., June 8, 1843. 2. Lucille was the oldest. 3. Kate Bateman played Leuk at Niblo's theatre, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1862.

A. B. C., Cambridgeport, Mass.—I. Mitchell claims he was not knocked out, and that he could have fought on if the police had allowed him to do so. 2. Mitchell is not Sullivan's superior.

D. M., Manchester, Mass.—Matilda Hiron was born in Ladbey Vale, Londonderry, Ireland. 2. She made her first appearance on the stage Feb. 17, 1851, at the Walnut street theatre, Philadelphia.

W. S., Altoona, Pa.—A is correct. Hanlan was not the first champion oarsman who went to row in England. James Hamill and Walter Brown went over, the former in 1856 and the latter in 1863.

W. S., Morris, Ill.—Maggie Mitchell was born in New York in 1837. 2. She first appeared at Burton's theatre, in Chambers street, in 1851. 3. She made her debut in the ballet at the Bowery theatre in this city.

DURRAY, Lisbon Falls.—We do not remember who purchased the Corliss engine that was used at the Centennial. It is our impression some Chicago manufacturing firm got it, but we made no note of its disposition.

W. S., Burlington, Iowa.—The English Derby in 1864 was not run on May 1, but on May 25. 2. Blair Athol, ridden by J. Snowden, won, with Gen. Brock second, and Scottish Chief third. 3. Fordham rode Ten Good's Paris.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—The following are the dimensions of J. Christol's giant, George Shilling: He stands 6 ft 6 1/2 in in height; chest measures 46 in; biceps, 19 in; weighs 205 lbs. 2. He was born in Strasbourg, of English descent.

J. M., Washington, D. C.—I. Edwin Forrest was born on Monroe street, Philadelphia, March 9, 1806. 2. His father was a Scotchman and his mother an American. 3. Forrest's father was the runner for the United States bank.

S. W., Trenton, N. J.—Learn a trade and then you will have something to fall back on; after which, if you are still crazy to become an actor, engage as a super and work your way up. It is a hard row to hoe, but others have done it before you.

J. S., Olean, N. Y.—Tom Hyer's tremendous contests with George McClester, better known as Country McClester, and Yankee Sullivan in the prize ring proved him to be, in our opinion, the greatest pugilist who ever entered the ring.

A. E. B., Catawauqua, Pa.—We do not know how many times John L. Sullivan knocked Tug Wilson down in their contest in Madison Square Garden. 2. A. H. Bonardus killed 100 single birds in succession at Dexter park, Chicago, Ill., July 21, 1869.

S. H., Chicago, Ill.—1. No. 2. Ned Price never issued a challenge offering to fight any man in America. 3. After he defeated Jem (Australian) Kelly, he offered to fight any man in America except John C. Heenan. As there was a "bar" in Price's challenge, A wins.

J. G., Albany, N. Y.—In reply to questions as to whether Tom Hyer or Yankee Sullivan was the better pugilist, we reply that Sullivan was decidedly more scientific than Hyer; but when he fought the latter he was completely overmatched in size, height, weight and reach.

M. S., Richmond, Va.—Julius Brutus Booth was born at St. Pancras, London, England, May 1, 1796. He made his regular debut in the "Honeycomb" as Campido at Peckham Sept. 13, 1813. His last appearance on the stage was Nov. 19, 1852, at the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. Dominick Bradley the pugilist never held the heavy weight championship of America. 2. Bradley defeated Hugh Sloan Dec. 1, 1853, at Phenixville, Pa., for \$500 a side in 12 rounds, 21m. Beat Sam Rankin Aug. 1, 1857, at Point Albino, Canada, 152 rounds, 178m. 3. No.

B. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—The prize fight between Yankee Sullivan and John Morrissey was considered a fair stand-up fight. Sullivan, who was considered to have had the best of it, lost the battle by failing to come to the scratch when time was called, having got in a rough-and-tumble fight with the bystanders.

WILLIAM S. KELLY, Manly, N. C.—You and others who inquire of us for indecent literature, for transparent playing cards and other filthy articles make a mistake in the person and the establishment. Ours is not that kind of a sporting paper, and making such inquiries is an offense that we are willing to pardon only on the plea of dense ignorance.

F. R., Grand Forks, Dakota.—1. Tom Allen and Joe Goss fought for \$300 at catch weight at Monmouthshire, Eng., March 5, 1867. Thirty-five rounds were fought in 1h and 55m, when both were exhausted, and the fight was decided a draw. 2. Allen and Goss fought in Kentucky for \$3,000 and the championship of America in 1876. Twenty-one rounds were fought in 55m, when Goss was declared the winner by a foul.

HARRY OF THE WEST, Blue Earth, Minn.—Harry Jones was born in Bristol, England, April 18, 1807, and died April 4, 1835. He defeated Brown, O'Ryan, Knowland, Curtin Collins, Pick Howe, Simmonds, Raines, Dodd, Savage, Stockman, Barney Aaron, Reddie Redmond, Watson, Hill, Perkins and Cooper; was beaten by Ned Stockman (three times), Latham, Young Dutch Sam Gibblets and Tom Smith; and fought a drawn battle with Raines.

GEORGE ROSSMAN, University of Va.—It is impossible to state accurately, or even approximately, the net annual income of the New York Herald. It is enormous, however. It undoubtedly exceeds the profits of any two of the most profitable newspapers in this country, and spends more money to make its income than any three papers in the whole world. The figures of the net income could be given only by Mr. Bennett, however, and we have no data on which to found an estimate.

W. S., Battle Creek, Mich.—1. Daniel Lambert was foaled in 1858. 2. He was sired by Ethan Allen, he by Hill's Vermont Black Hawk, he by Sherman Morgan, he by Justin Morgan; dam Fanny Cook, by Old Abdallah, by Mambrino, by Imported Messenger; and by Stockholm's American Star, by Durroc, by Imported Diamond; third dam by Red Bird, by Bishop's Hambletonian, by Imported Messenger. 3. He is a golden chestnut and weighs 1025 pounds, and is owned by David Snow.

J. W., Norfolk, Va.—1. Izzy Lazarus was a first class pugilist. 2. He was born Feb. 9, 1812. His fighting weight was 126 lbs. The following is his record: Beaten an Unknown for a purse in 15m, March 4, 1834; beaten by Bill Atkinson, 18m, 12 rounds, March 24, 1834; beat Levy in 1h 45m, May 27, 1834; beat Allen in 1h 10m in 25 rounds, Feb. 18, 1836; beat Tom Moley in 35m, 24 rounds, Aug. 30, 1836; beat Surrender Lane, 55m, 34 rounds, March 7, 1837; beaten by Owen Swift in 113 rounds, in 135m, June 1, 1837.

M. W., Leadville, Col.—1. We received a challenge from Dave Lewis, the Welshman, now residing at Des Moines, offering to fight Tom Walling; but he did not send on a forfeit. 2. Dave Lewis fought Bryan Campbell for \$2,000 at Cunningham Valley, Pa., on Dec. 19, 1871. The battle was won by Campbell in this way: After 96 rounds had been fought, Lewis was driving Campbell before him in a terrific onslaught. Campbell fell into a chair which was in the ring. In this position Lewis struck him, which he had a perfect right to do, when Campbell claimed foul, which was allowed by Chas. H. Wilson, the referee, who knew nothing of the rules governing such affairs.

W. M., Jamestown, Va.—It is difficult to decide when the first theatre was opened in New York. Dunlap, the historian of the American stage, claims that the drama was first introduced in this country by William Hallam, the successor of Garrick, in Goodman's Field theatre, who formed a joint stock company and sent them to America under the management of Louis Hallam, his brother. By other records we find that in 1739 there was a theatre in New York, which is 19 years before Hallam's troupe arrived. In 1750 Thomas Kean and J. Murray came from Philadelphia and received permission from Admiral George Clinton, who was then the Governor of the Province of New York, to act, and the company played "Richard III." and the "Spanish Friar."

M. S., Fair Haven, Conn.—1. No. 2. Harry Orm the pugilist died from gastric fever June 9, 1864. He was buried June 13, 1864, at Abney park cemetery, England. 3. Orme was born in 1826; his fighting weight was 168 lbs. He beat J. Jones, 220 a side, in 40 rounds, 2h 45m, at Framley, England, Dec. 18, 1849; beat Nat Langham, 250 a side, in 117 rounds, 2h 56m, at Lower Hope Point, May 6, 1851; beat Aaron Jones for £200 in 23 rounds, 33m in two rings, part at Bourne Bridge, and part at Newmarket. Police interfered at both places, and on the referee naming a third place Jones refused to renew the contest, May 10, 1852. Orme's last battle within the ropes and stakes

A Louisiana Lynching.

The lynching of D. C. Hutchins, near Shreveport, La., on May 13, was accompanied with more than the usual dramatic surroundings of such events. Hutchins was a desperado who hailed originally from Texas, but who has recently been a terror to the decent citizens of Bossier parish, La. His name was connected with numerous murders and robberies in the southwest states. He was arrested at Shreveport, for the cold-blooded murder of a young man named William H. Lyon, at the ferry landing, that city, on Tuesday, May 8.

The crime aroused the indignation of the citizens of Bossier parish, and they organized to deal out summary justice to the culprit. They selected as the time to carry out their designs the day on which the criminal was to be removed from the lock-up at Shreveport to the jail at Bellevue.

At 5 o'clock on Sunday morning, May 13, two deputy sheriffs, accompanied by a well-armed and determined posse of citizens, consisting of Chief of Police, E. M. Austin; Chas. A. Dewing, George L. Whipps, E. A. Conway, Wm. Wimbish, Wm. Nash and Police Officer Chas. Quigles, started from Shreveport with the prisoner.

Trouble was expected and Hutchins was very nervous. He insisted on Mr. Dewing riding by his side in the wagon. Deputy Sheriff Burt drove; the rest of the posse were mounted.

When about four miles from town, a large number of masked men (the number being estimated from 75 to 100) made their appearance from the woods. They were first noticed by Hutchins, who said: "D—n 'em, there they come now; give me your pistol, quick, Dewing, and let me commence killing them;" and he commenced reaching for Dewing's pistol. Dewing held him back and succeeded in getting his pistol out, and held it on the opposite side of him. In the mean time the wagon had been stopped, and the crowd had their pistols and guns levelled. Chief Austin, who had dismounted, quickly stepped between the wagon and the crowd, and told them to lower their guns.

Hutchins then told the crowd to shoot him, but several cried: "No, you d—n —, you! We are going to hang you, and here's the rope; you have tried so kill several of us." As quick as thought, Hutchins drew a spring-back dirk knife with a four-inch blade from his pocket, and commenced stabbing himself rapidly in the left breast with his left hand, the right being still around Dewing's neck. Those who were standing around thought he intended to plunge the knife into Dewing. Finally Chief Austin and Dewing succeeded in getting the knife away from him, and he (Hutchins) fell upon Dewing's lap, bleeding profusely, saying: "I am done for," or words to that effect.

The crowd then closed in and took Hutchins bodily from the carriage and carried him to a locust (or thorn) tree some 60 yards from the road, and, laying him upon the ground, proceeded to tie his hands behind him, he asking them not to tie them too tight, as he was nearly gone anyhow. The end of the rope was thrown over a crotch in the tree some 20 feet high, and the noose adjusted to his neck. The body was then drawn up, the end of the rope being made fast to a tree near by; and, after a few shrugs of



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MARY ANDERSON

AS PARTHENIA.

the shoulders and legs, life was soon extinct. The legs of the unfortunate man were not tied, and the fact that he did not make much movement with them, led those who were witnesses to believe that the stabs Hutchins had inflicted upon himself had very nearly caused death.

Mary Anderson.

Parthenia, in which character we present Miss Anderson this week, is incomparably her best part. If she played every other in her repertory as well, she would indeed deserve the title she bespangles her bills with: "America's youngest and greatest tragedienne." But Mary is young yet, and she may learn.

A New Firm.

A staid and middle-aged merchant of Scranton, Pa., named C. G. Johnson, has deserted his wife and child, and eloped for parts unknown with a demure and fascinating woman, who is the authoress of several domestic romances in the Lackawanna and Wyoming valleys. Johnson left Scranton about a month ago, ostensibly for the purpose of going to New York for medical treatment, as he complained of a noise in the head, and when he kissed his wife and babe at the front steps, he smiled cheerily, and told them to take care of themselves until he got back. He didn't go direct to New York. He merely went to Taylorville, four miles distant, where he was met on the platform, as he stepped from the car, by a beauty in black. Nothing further was heard from him for several days. At the end of that time his wife received a letter stating that he had left her, never to return, and that by the time she received the missive he would be on the broad Atlantic, bound for Europe. The letter enclosed a small check to supply the immediate wants of his wife and child. Nobody here believed, however, that Johnson went to Europe, and it was thought more likely that he had gone west, as he invested money there some time ago. It is said that he is worth about \$30,000, a considerable share of which is in real estate. His wife is astounded, because he had been an excellent husband, and was always noted for his high moral ideas. It is said that Johnson is in Chicago seeking a divorce.

New Tactics in Law.

There was a great sensation occasioned in Philadelphia on May 24 by the revelation that all of the 12 jurors in the murder case of Chung Wah You, a Chinaman who was killed by Thomas Lyons, now on trial for the crime, had been taken suddenly ill. On the night May 23 five of them were so prostrated with symptoms of poison that it was necessary to adjourn the court. On that evening after supper, a couple of the jurors complained of feeling ill. Soon others followed, and when they were marched into their box on the morning of the 24th, they were scarcely able to sit upright. Their sickness increased, and Judge Mitchell caused them to be taken back to their quarters. At midnight on May 24 the whole 12 were prostrated, and five doctors were in attendance. The food was furnished from a neighboring restaurant, and the proprietors declare that some of the same articles were furnished to other customers, but no ill effects have been reported.



A DESPERATE VILLAIN.

D. C. HUTCHINS ATTEMPTS TO COMMIT SUICIDE WHEN THREATENED BY A LYNCHING PARTY, NEAR SHREVEPORT, LA.



A NEW YORK ESMERALDA

A FIFTH AVENUE BELLE MAKES AN INNOVATION IN THE WAY OF PETS.

Fight with a Bear.

Mr. Noah Garlitz, living near Oakland, Md., recently had a fearful encounter with a

female bear, and his life was saved by the presence of mind and pluck of his young daughter. Having no weapon when he first met the bear, Mr. Garlitz hastened to his

house, about a mile distant, and secured his rifle, while his dog held the bear at bay. In less than half an hour he returned to the scene accompanied by his little daughter, Annie. The bear was standing on a log and the dog barking at her. The bear, spying Mr. G., showed fight before he had time to shoot. When the beast was within 20 steps Mr. G. fired, the bullet entering the bear's breast. When shot the animal jumped about five feet in the air and fell to the ground, but regained her feet almost instantly. A second shot sent a ball through the neck of the bear, while she stood on her hind feet about

Having killed their enemy they hastened as fast as they could, to the house of Thomas Chaney. The bear weighed 350 lbs; the feet measured eight inches from heel to toe, and the nails were two inches long. Two balls were found in her—one in the flank and one in the neck, that had been planted in former years.

A Bloody Affray.

On the afternoon of May 20, at Memphis, Tenn., Michael Haley, who keeps a grocery store on the corner of Gayoso and De Soto



HOW THEY ENFORCE THE SUNDAY LAW IN JERSEY.

A HOBOKEN POLICE OFFICER ASSISTS A SALOON KEEPER IN SETTING UP THE DEER FOR THE BOYS.

to leap upon the dog. This wound so enraged the animal that she furiously rushed toward Mr. G., breaking and biting brush as if twigs. Retreating backward, while loading his gun, Mr. G's foot became fastened between two logs, throwing him to the ground, the limb of a small tree striking him between the eyes, rendering sight impossible.

Destruction was imminent, and the prostrate man despaired of release, when his daughter, Annie, seeing the perilous situation of her father, hastened to the spot. In answer to his call she seized the rifle, and, resting it in the crotch of a tree, took a swift and correct aim at the devouring wild beast, and like "Dove-eye" of the Sioux, sent a ball crashing into its brain.

streets, chastised his son Pat, a youth 20 years old, on complaint of a negro man named Dunlap, sexton of Avery Chapel, colored church. Just after dinner to-day young Haley went to the dwelling of Dunlap, engaged him in a quarrel, and finally killed him with a large butcher knife, almost severing the head from the body. The murdered man was 75 years old. The murderer escaped.

At Bloomington, Ill., on the night of May 19, Joseph Ryan, aged 30, was shot in the neck by a man named Sizemore. Sizemore shot four times at another man in a saloon, the second shot hitting Ryan on the windpipe. Sizemore was caught and lodged in jail.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A PLUCKY MARYLAND GIRL SAVES THE LIFE OF HER FATHER BY A WELL DIRECTED SHOT.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE BOSS OF ALL!

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Sunday, price 5 cents, will contain the freshest, snappiest and best sporting department of any Sunday newspaper in the world. Subscription rates: One year, \$2.50; Six months, \$1.25. Specimen copies furnished free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

MAUD S. is at Hartford, under the care of Bair.

The dates for the Chicago dog show are June 12, 13 and 14.

The Princeton college boat club has engaged George Hosmer as coach.

DONALD DIXIE, the Scotch athlete, is in San Francisco filling an engagement.

JAMES TEN EYCK and Charles E. Courtney are to row at Cazenovia lake May 25.

CHAS. N. McIVER, the famous sprint runner, is residing at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

DOONEY HARRIS gave a well attended exhibition at Greenpoint, L. I., on May 21.

The decoration day regatta on the Passaic at Newark will be refereed by Wm. B. Curtis.

The Virginia rowing association has decided to hold its regatta at Lynchburg, Va., on July 4.

The proposed Hanlan and Lee and Conley and Hamm double-scul race for \$2,000 hangs fire.

WM. BECKWITH, well known in England as a wonderful swimmer, will shortly visit this country.

The Bookbinders' union of this city held their annual picnic and games at Harlem river park on May 26.

The Knickerbocker yacht club of New York is in a flourishing condition. Its annual spring regatta was a grand affair.

JIM O'NEILL, the Irish comedian, has opened a sporting house at No. 6 Jones street. He had a grand opening on May 28.

The sporting topic now is the Hanlan and Kennedy single-scul race, which is to be rowed at Chelsea, Mass., on May 30.

GEORGE ROOKE is permanently settled at Newburgh, where he is engaged in teaching the many art to some of the leading citizens.

GEORGE MADISON, of Allentown, Pa., writes that he will run Maurice O'Brien 100 or 400 yards if O'Brien will post a forfeit with Richard K. Fox.

GUS LAMBERT and the Black Diamond are still drawing cards at Prof. John H. Clark's Olympic garden, corner of Eighth and Vine streets, Philadelphia.

MAURICE DALY won first prize in the cushion carom billiard tournament in New York. In our next issue we will publish full particulars, which are crowded out this week.

GEORGE HAZZEL, the only pedestrian who has covered 600 miles in six days, is now settled down under the stars and stripes, and has opened a sporting house at 175 Grand street, Brooklyn, E. D.

PADDY RYAN has challenged John L. Sullivan to box him four three-minute rounds, either in New York or Chicago, agreeing that the winner of the contest shall receive 60 per cent of the receipts.

SPORTING men who visit Boston, Mass., on May 20 to witness the Hanlan and Kennedy boat race, should not fail to witness the Cleveland and the Boston championship baseball game, which is to be played at 10:30 a. m., giving ample time to go to the race in the afternoon.

JACK STEWART, who claims to be the champion pugilist of Canada, writes from London, Canada, that C. A. C. Smith of Port Huron, Mich., never "bested" him either with or without gloves. By the way, Stewart posted \$50 some time ago with the POLICE GAZETTE, and the money still remains at this office uncovered.

PATSY HOGAN, of the "Police Gazette" Shades, No. 1 Morton street, San Francisco, Cal., was the scene of a rattling glove fight on May 4. The principals were Marks Bearwell and Frank Connolly. Only four rounds were fought when Connolly was declared the winner. Ed Homan also knocked Tom Cottle out on the same day, after four slashing rounds.

CHARLEY MCCOY, the pugilist of Pittsburg, Pa., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows: "If Dominick McCaffrey of Media, Pa., thinks he can stop me with hard gloves in four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, all he will have to do is to travel to Pittsburg, where he will find plenty of chance to bet a few hundred and try the experiment."

PATSY HOGAN, the popular sporting man, and boniface of the "Police Gazette" Shades, No. 1 Morton street, San Francisco, Cal., is doing a thriving business. In a letter before us Hogan says Carr is afraid to fight Dan O'Connell, who is willing to box him, or any man of his weight on the Pacific Slope. Hogan further states that he will back O'Connell against Carr any time the latter declares himself willing to fight.

M. J. HAPPENY, the famous runner, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on May 21 with his backer, Austin Maley of Shenandoah, Pa. They had come on to back Steele in his race with Price, and it is needless to say that they won a snug amount, although they had to lay 2 to 1. Happenny denies that he fouled T. C. Johnson when they ran their second race at Ashland, Pa., and says he is ready to run Johnson at any time.

ON MAY 18 the Washington cup for three-year-olds and upward, was won by C. H. Pettigell's Duke of Montalban, 5 years, by King Alfonso, with 100 lbs up. He ran the 2 1/4 miles in 4m 4s. Hartford was second, a length behind the winner, and Hilarity third.

The report that the father of John L. Sullivan blackened the eye of a Boston politician, published in a morning paper, was denied at Patsy Sheppard's sporting house.

HUGH REILLY, of Dean street, Albany, has forwarded a letter to this office, in which he states he will back C. A. C. Smith to fight any colored pugilist in America for \$500 a side and the colored heavy-weight championship. Reilly falls to send on a forfeit, which is very necessary to make the boxers of the colored division think he means business. By the way, we would inform Smith and his backer that the challenge of Jack Stewart, of London, Ontario (with a deposit of \$50, which he holds, is still open for Smith's acceptance. He should either state that he will fight Stewart with gloves or refuse to do so.

CHARLEY MITCHELL, the English champion pugilist, and Billy Madden boxed at Washington, D. C., on May 18 and 19 to crowded houses. On May 23 and 24 Madden and Mitchell boxed at Levantine's in Albany, N. Y. The theatre was packed on both occasions. Mitchell says: "I have promised to give Mike Cleary another chance to box me, and I propose to do so, but I should like to have another show with Sullivan first. Sullivan says: "After Mitchell boxes Cleary I will give him another trial."

JUST before the POLICE GAZETTE went to press we received articles of agreement from Arthur Chambers of the Champions Rest, Philadelphia, signed by Harry Gilmore, for the latter to fight George Full-james for \$250 a side. We telegraphed Full-james, but had received no reply on going to press; but we understand he will arrange the match. Chambers is backing Gilmore, and his money has been posted with Richard K. Fox. We hold \$1,000 belonging to Full-james, so that as soon as he signs the protocol the match is made.

THE great pigeon-shooting match at Hiram Howe's Prospect park, Gravesend, L. I., on May 23, was an interesting affair. The contest was between the Fountain gun club of Brooklyn and the Jersey City Heights gun club. The conditions of the contest were: Twenty men a side, 10 birds each, 5 ground traps, 25 yards rise, both barrels, five minutes allowed for gathering each bird, the match to be shot under the Fountain gun club rules. Mr. G. F. Gildersleeve was selected referee, Mr. Abel Crook judge for the home organization, and Mr. George L. Wilms judge for the Jersey men. The Jersey team won, knocking over 175 out of 200. The Fountain gun club killed 161 out of 200.

THE sporting men of Pennsylvania are greatly interested in the 100-yard running race between William J. Miley, of Summit Hill, Pa., and Harry Lewis, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who are to run for \$500 a side on June 7. The match was made April 14, when both parties appointed Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, final stakeholder. On May 25 the final deposit of \$500 was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Henry Collier, of the Hazelton hotel, sending \$400 for Lewis and John A. Sweeney sending a like amount for Miley. Both pedestrians are running on "the level" for \$1,000, which Richard K. Fox will give to the winner on receiving a written decision from the referee.

THE following are the winners of the Yale college games held at New Haven, Conn., May 19: 440 yards run—A. S. Brooks, '83, 50 2-3s, lowering the record, which was 50 3/4s. Mile run—A. Carr, '83, 4m 48s. Putting shot—J. H. Briggs, 34 ft 10 in. Mile bicycle race—L. B. Hamilton, '83, 6m 49 1-5s, lowering the intercollegiate record 14-5s. 100 yards dash—A. S. Brooks, 10 1/2s. Throwing hammer—E. T. Porter, '84, 69 ft 9 1/2 in. 220 yards dash—R. S. Colt, '85, 26 1 1/2 in. Mile walk—A. E. Meredith, '85, 8m 48 3/4s. Half-mile run—Charles Halsey, '83, 2m 5 3/4s. The lawn tennis winners were Sargent over Thorne in singles, and Camp and Slocum, in the doubles, over Preston and Deming.

THE following are the winners of the Harvard Athletic Association games, held at Cambridge, Mass., May 19: One mile walk—S. Coolidge, '83, in 8m 3 3/4s. Throwing the hammer—C. H. Kip, '83, who threw 86 ft 11 in. That beats the best Harvard record by two feet. Hundred yard dash—W. A. Stebbins, '86, in 10 3/4s. Running high jump—W. Foren, '83, who cleared 5 ft 7 in. One hundred and twenty yard hurdle race—J. D. Bradley, '86, in 19 1-5s. Half mile run—W. H. Goodwin, '84, in 2m 48s, beating the best college record. Mile run—S. B. Morrison, '83, 4m 41s. Putting shot—C. H. King, '83, 35 ft 11 in. Pole vault—C. M. Field, '84, 7 ft 7 in. Quarter mile run—W. A. Baker, '83, 55 1-5s. Half mile run—W. H. Goodwin, '84, 2m 5 3/4s, lowering the college record 13-5s. Running broad jump—W. Soren, '83, 19 ft 2 in. Two hundred and twenty yards dash—Baker, '86, 24 1-5s.

THE American rifle team, who are to cross the Atlantic and compete with the crack shots of England, were selected at the Seventh regiment armory in this city on May 19. The following were chosen: S. I. Scott of Washington, D. C.; M. W. Bull of Springfield, Mass.; C. W. Hinman of Boston, Mass.; George Joiner of Brooklyn, Thomas J. Dolan, Frank Stuart, J. L. Paulding and A. V. Van Housen of New York; Walter Scott of Oneonta, N. Y.; W. L. Cash and J. W. Pollard of Washington, D. C.; J. H. Brown of New York, John Smith of Hoboken, F. J. Rabbeth of Boston, E. O. Shakspeare of Philadelphia and G. E. P. Howard of Newark. The only commissioned officers among them are Lieut. Scott, Maj. Shakspeare and Lieut. Col. Howard. Mr. Howard was chosen captain of the team, with power to choose his own adjutant and fill any vacancy that may occur in the team.

THE following are the full particulars of the proposed glove fight between George Godfrey, the colored champion of New England, and C. A. C. Smith of Port Huron, Mass., the colored pugilists who were to have met in a room at Boston, Mass., on May 18. Frank Sheridan, of Chelsea, Mass., reading in the POLICE GAZETTE that C. A. C. Smith was ready to fight any colored pugilist in America, decided to match George Godfrey, the colored pugilist, against the Michigan colored giant. Hugh Reilly, of 29 Dean street, Albany, agreed to back Smith, and it was decided that they should fight according to Marquis of Queensberry rules at Boston, on May 18. One hundred dollars a side were posted by the backers of the men. Smith, with his backer, arrived at Boston on May 17 and made Patsy Sheppard's, in Hayward place, their headquarters. As soon as Godfrey caught a glimpse of Smith he weakened, and refused to fight, stating that the western chap was too big, and he allowed his backer to forfeit the \$100.

THE international wrestling tournament, for \$1,000 in money prizes, POLICE GAZETTE trophy and the championship of the world, promoted by Richard K. Fox, has been postponed. The tournament was to have been held at the Casino in Boston on May 21 and 22; but, owing to a hitch about the building, which was settled to-day, it was decided to postpone the affair until June 11 and 12, when it will take place at the Casino. All the champion wrestlers of the United States have entered, and Richard K. Fox is bound to make it a success. The prizes will be divided as follows: First prize, POLICE GAZETTE championship trophy and \$500; second prize, \$300; third prize, \$150; fourth prize, \$50. The following are the entries: Pooler of Cleveland, Ohio; McDonald of Canada; H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass.; Homer Lane of New York; Duncan C. Ross of Louisville, Ky.; G. W. Flagg of Braintree, Vt.; Capt. J. C. Daly of New York; Jesse Robinson of Batavia, N. Y.

THE great 10-mile foot race for \$500 and the championship of America, between Charles Price, the ex-champion of England, and Wm. Steele, of Glasgow, Scotland, was decided on the Manhattan grounds, New York, May 19. The attendance was fair. Both pedestrians had numerous admirers, and there was heavy betting. At first the prices were even, but Steele's friends soon made him the favorite at two to one. Steele won easily, and Price fell 250 yards from the finish. Steele's time was 52m 40 1-5s, which beat

George Hazael's record by 42s. Price's time for 9 1/2 miles was 51m 54 3-5s. Price's 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th miles are the fastest on record in America. Steele stands 5 ft 7 1/4, weighed 130 pounds, and is 26 years of age. Price is 5 ft 1 1/2 in, weighed 107 lbs, and is 29 years of age. Steele is a wonderful runner, and there is no one at present in this country who can beat him, for if he had been pushed he could have cut down the record still further.

TOMMY LYNCH, of Chicago, Ill., and Jimmy Walsh, of Cincinnati, fought according to London prize ring rules at Sheffield, Ill., on May 20, for \$200. After 38 rounds had been fought, Lynch had been knocked out of time, and Walsh was declared the winner. Owen McManus and James Maguire were seconds for Lynch, and Doc Cameron and Thomas Haynes acted in the similar capacity for Walsh. Jere Sullivan was referee. Six hundred sports were in attendance, and the betting at the outset was \$500 to \$300 on Lynch. The fight lasted 1h 10m, and the faces of the pugilists looked like chunks of raw beef, but Lynch was in a dilapidated condition, and had to be carried to a carriage; \$1,000 changed hands on the result. The spectators hurriedly returned here by boat and sail; but the police got wind of the affair, and this afternoon the two principals, two seconds and 20 other participants were arrested. Welsh and Lynch were held at \$3,000 each, and the seconds at \$500 each. The balance were let off on \$200 bonds, all to appear before Justice Hammer. The names of those arrested are: Jas. Welsh and Thos. Lynch, booked as laborers; Thos. Haynes, woodcutter, and Owen McManus, horseshoer, seconds; Gus Owen, waiter; James McGuire, tailor; Joe Thomas, springmaker; John Roche, sailor; James Mulcare, Thos. Wilson, Jas. Morrissey and Chas. Leroy, blacksmiths; Thos. O'Donnell, tug captain; Owen Lusk, railroad employe; John Coyne, springmaker; John Smith, no employment; John Brown, saloon keeper; William Ryan, laborer; James Maloney and James Blackburn, railroad employes.

It was expected that a prize fight for \$2,000 and the middleweight championship of America would have been arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office May 22, between W. C. McClellan, the well known pugilist of this city and Pete McCoy, the champion middleweight of New Jersey. McClellan had challenged McCoy and a forfeit was posted. The men had agreed to meet at the POLICE GAZETTE office to clinch the matter by signing articles. McClellan was on hand at 10 a. m. and waited until 11 p. m. and then withdrew his money, leaving the following card:

NEW YORK, May 22, 1888.

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE: DEAR SIR: In regard to my arranging a match to fight Pete McCoy for \$1,000 a side and the championship, I wish to inform you and Mr. McCoy, that my friends are opposed to my again entering the ring; therefore I am compelled to refuse arranging any match.

McCoy, with his backers, called later, expecting to fix the matter on a fighting basis, and they were greatly disappointed when they found McClellan had taken down his money and refused to go on with the proposed match. McCoy had posted \$250 (to prove he meant business) with Richard K. Fox, and he left very much disappointed. It is only justice to McClellan to state that we read several letters he had received, urging him not to arrange any match, and the pressure of business policy and friendship was brought to bear heavily on him to the end that he should abandon his projected meeting with McCoy.

At Stensby's theatre, Wilwaukee, Wis., on May 9, Capt. James Dalton, the Chicago pugilist, gave an exhibition, and offered John Donaldson the Wisconsin pugilist, \$50 to box him four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules. Donaldson accepted the offer, and the theatre was packed with eager spectators. Manager Stensby introduced the men and announced that they were both going to box four three-minute rounds on their merits. Amid considerable excitement, the mill began. In the first round the advantage appeared to be with Donaldson, he getting in some tight ones on Dalton's face, although toward the close, when coming together, Dalton threw his antagonist heavily. The second round told against Donaldson, who grew winded and groggy. It was here that Dalton's excellent condition began to show, while Donaldson lost ground. The captain got his second wind and came to himself in shape, and started in to punish the Professor handsomely. It was plain that the jig was all up with the latter, and when the third round was called, even his best friends could see he was done up. The third round was tame, as Donaldson's lack of form had settled all the fight in him. Before the round was over there was a clinch and both fell, the Chicago man under. Donaldson rolled over on his back, and lay stretched out like dead. The captain got up and went to his corner; but it was only by the greatest exertion that Donaldson got on his feet in the allotted 10 seconds to save himself being declared "knocked out." It was so doubtful if he could even respond to "time" for the fourth round, that it was deemed well by the police to end the fight then; and, by their request, the fourth round was declared off. Even if this had not been done Donaldson was ruled as having forfeited, by wrestling in the third round, contrary to the rules. Dalton entirely recovered in a few moments, and although showing some little flush in the face, was otherwise all right. He made a few remarks to the audience, saying he was ready to meet Donaldson at any time and manner. The latter also recovered sufficiently to say a word or two, which was to the effect that he was not in condition.

THE following are the POLICE GAZETTE standard rules for sidehold wrestling, revised and corrected May 15, 1888:

- (1) Each contestant shall furnish at his own expense a set of strong leather or Webb harness, which must reach from the shoulder to the waist and from the neck to the elbow.
- (2) Each contestant to wear rubber shoes or sandals.
- (3) The men shall toss for choice of holds, and the contestant winning the toss can take the left and under or right and over.
- (4) The contestant taking the left and under shall take hold of his opponent's harness at the waist on the left side with his left hand, his opponent's left hand with his right.
- (5) The contestant taking the right and over shall take hold of his opponent's harness behind the right shoulder with his right hand and his opponent's right hand with his own left.
- (6) Both wrestlers shall stand side to side and show fair and equal play or forfeit one fall for each caution after the first.
- (7) If either contestant break his grasp or hold during a bout with one or both hands to save himself from falling or to gain a momentary advantage, it shall be considered a foul, and the referee shall decide the fall or bout against him.
- (8) No kicking to be allowed, and any contestant who shall wilfully, after caution, kick or attempt to kick his opponent, shall forfeit the match and stakes according to the option of the referee.
- (9) To decide what is considered a bout or fall at this style of wrestling, a contestant will be required to

throw his opponent fair on his back; two shoulders must strike the ground or floor at the same time to constitute a fall. Under no circumstances shall the referee be allowed to decide or declare a bout won unless either of the contestants commit a foul by kicking or breaking holds.

(10) No butting or scratching shall be allowed, and the referee shall have full power to disqualify a contestant on the first offence.

(11) Under no circumstances, in any contest, shall the wrestlers be allowed to rest until a fall is gained, and the referee shall have no power to allow the contestants to rest without the mutual consent of both parties.

(12) A rest of 15 minutes shall be allowed between each bout.

(13) Richard K. Fox, editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be official stakeholder in all contests for the championship, and to select a referee, providing the contestants cannot agree to one.

THE following are the POLICE GAZETTE revised rules for catch-as-catch-can wrestling, which will hereafter govern all contests at Lancashire or catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling in this country.

(1) Either opponent may press his arm against his antagonist's throat.

(2) Kicking the limbs shall be considered fair.

(3) No fall to count unless one party is thrown fairly on his back, two shoulders touching the floor at the same time to constitute a fall.

(4) The match to consist of first fall, best two in three, or three in five, according to mutual understanding.

(5) No less than 10 nor more than 20 minutes' rest allowed between each wrestling bout.

(6) Letting go either hand, changing holds, or grabbing by the legs shall be allowed.

(7) The ring, where practicable, to be 24 feet square.

(8) All bets to go with the stakes. The stakeholder or his deputy to announce on the grounds, publicly, at all times when a match is not concluded which way the stakes go.

(9) If the referee be not chosen in the articles, and the wrestlers or backers cannot agree to appoint one within 15 minutes from the time of entering the ring, the stakeholder shall appoint one.

(10) In all matches the wrestlers must be in stocking feet or barefooted, and they will not be permitted to scratch, throttle, pull each other's ears, or commit any other unfair act toward each other. Neither will they be allowed to be rubbed with grease, resin, or any pernicious drug, on any part of their bodies. The competitors will be allowed one second each, who must not be changed during the continuance of the match; neither will a second be allowed to touch his own or his opponent's man while wrestling—touching either competitor while in the act of wrestling will be a disqualification against the offender and his party, and the referee shall decide against them. If the wrestlers get entangled with what may be considered the boundary of the ring they shall draw off, and renew the contest with the same hold as when they drew off.

(11) Should any match not be finished on the day appointed, both wrestlers to meet, weigh and commence wrestling at the same time and place, day by day (Sunday excepted), until the match be finished, except otherwise agreed upon; but, in the event of one wrestler gaining a throw in any match, and the said match be not finished, the wrestler winning the throw to claim the stakes in the absence of any arrangement to continue the match. In the event of a wrestler giving up the match when he has won a backfall the stakes shall be claimed by his opponent.

(12) Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be official stakeholder, and appoint a referee, unless the wrestlers mutually agree to decide upon or select those officials.

ANOTHER important wrestling match has been arranged between Duncan C. Ross, of Louisville, Ky., and H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass. It will be remembered that these men contended for \$1,000, \$500 a side and the POLICE GAZETTE championship trophy for mixed wrestling, at Rochester, N. Y., on April 26, when Dufur won, coming out ahead in the collar-and-elbow and side hold bouts, while Ross only won the catch-as-catch-can bout. Ross claimed that he lost the match by the referee, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE making him stand up and wrestle in the side hold bout which he expected to win, but the majority of the large audience endorsed the referee's ruling. Ross was not satisfied with his defeat, and on April 27 he forwarded a certified check for \$250 forfeit and challenged Dufur to again contend for the POLICE GAZETTE trophy and \$1,000 a side, double the stakes in the first contest. On May 4 Richard K. Fox received a deposit of \$250, with the following from Dufur:

"MARLBORO, MASS., May 4, 1888.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "Please find enclosed a draft for \$250 to cover the same amount Duncan C. Ross posted. Please inform the latter that I will wrestle him a in for the POLICE GAZETTE championship trophy, and will make the match for \$1,000 a side, to take place at Rochester just as soon as Ross likes. The referee to be William E. Harding. The first bout to be collar and elbow, the second, side hold, and the third, catch as catch can. Richard K. Fox, editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be final stakeholder."

"H. M. DUFUR."

On Richard K. Fox telegraphing Duncan C. Ross that Dufur had covered his money, the champion athlete notified Richard K. Fox that he would meet Dufur at Boston, Mass., on May 17 to arrange the match. Richard K. Fox at once notified Dufur, and sent his representative to Boston to see the match arranged. According to appointment, Ross and Dufur, with their backers and the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, met. After a short discussion the rival wrestlers each posted \$250, making \$500 each, and signed the following articles of agreement:

"BOSTON, MASS., May 17, 1888.

"Articles of agreement entered into this 17th day of May, 1888, between H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass., and Duncan C. Ross of Louisville, Ky.: The said H. M. Dufur and the said Duncan C. Ross of Louisville, Ky., do hereby agree to wrestle for the POLICE GAZETTE trophy and the championship of America. The match to take place at Rochester, N. Y., on Thursday, June 7, 1888; Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be final stakeholder. The match to be governed by the POLICE GAZETTE rules of wrestling, and to be best two in three falls—one bout catch as catch can, one bout collar and elbow, and one bout side hold in harness. Wm. E. Harding to be referee. "In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$500 is now deposited with Richard K. Fox. The final deposit of \$500 must be posted with the stakeholder on May 28. The said deposits must be posted not later than 6 p. m. on the days aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amounts due shall forfeit the money down. In pursuance of this agreement we attach our names.

"H. M. DUFUR.

"DUNCAN C. ROSS."

"J. KEATINGE.

"M. WALLACE.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

The Voltaic Belt Co. Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men, young or old, who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Cleats out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. Fifteen cents. Druggists.

PSORIASIS.

I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s Psoriasis, and others Leprosy, commencing on my scalp, and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the best medical doctors, it slowly but surely extended, until a year ago this winter I covered my entire person in form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there could be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet of my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit, and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally I got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. — treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs, feet badly swollen; toenails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as bone; hair dead, dry, and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer. My sister, Mrs. E. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up. Said, "We will try Cuticura." Some was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! There was relief! Stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got the Cuticura Resolvent, Cuticura, and Soap. I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura morning and evening. Result, returned to my home in just six weeks from time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper.

HIRAM E. CARPENTER.

HENDERSON, JEFFERSON CO., N. Y.
Sworn to before me this nineteenth day of January, 1880.

A. M. LEFFINGWELL, Justice of the Peace.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internal y, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great skin cures, externally, clear the complexion, cleanse the skin and scalp, and purify the blood of every species of itching, scaly, Pimples, Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Cancerous Humors, and all other means fail. Sold everywhere.

Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

BEAUTY SOAP

For Infantile and Birth Humors, Rough, Chapped or Greasy Skin, Black-heads, Pimples, and Skin Blemishes, use CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, and Toilet, Bath, and Nursery Sanative, fragrant with delicious flower odors and Cuticura healing balsams.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLICATIONS.

THE FAST MEN OF AMERICA. Romance and reality of life on the railroad. By mail 30c.

MAHLE UNMASKED; or, The Wickedest place in the world. By mail 30c.

GOTHAM BY GASLIGHT. The rounds of the metropolis after dark. By mail 30c.

SUICIDE CRANKS; or, the Curiosities of Self-Murder. By mail 30c.

LIFE OF ED. HANLAN, America's Champion Scouter. By mail 30c.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE. California's Curse illustrated and described. By mail 30c.

LIVES OF THE POISONERS. The romance of cold-blooded crime. By mail 30c.

THE MURDERESSES OF AMERICA. Heroines in the red romance of crime. By mail 30c.

CROOKED LIFE IN NEW YORK. The professional criminals of New York. By mail 30c.

GREAT CRIMES AND CRIMINALS OF AMERICA. By mail 30c.

FOLLY'S QUEENS; or, Women Whose Loves have Ruled the World. By mail 30c.

SECRETS OF THE TOMBS. A History of the most famous prison in America. By mail 30c.

FIARO EXPOSED. By the Author of "The Man-traps of New York." By mail 30c.

FUSTIANA'S HEROES, NO. 2. Life of John Morrissey. By mail 30c.

FUSTIANA'S HEROES, NO. 3. Life of John C. Heenan. By mail 30c.

GUITEAU'S CRIME. Full History of the assassination of President James A. Garfield. By mail 30c.

THE ASSASSIN'S DOOM. Full history of the jail life, trial and sentence of Charles J. Guiteau. By mail 30c.

THE CRIME AVENGED: Last days and Execution of Guiteau. A conclusion to "Guiteau's Crime" and "The Assassin's Doom." By mail 30c.

HUSH MONEY; or, The Murder in the Air, and "The Actor Assassins." Two thrilling stories in one. By mail 30c.

GREAT ARTISTS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE. A Portrait Gallery of the leading Actors and Actresses of America. Part I. By mail 30c.

FEMALE SHARPSHOOTS OF NEW YORK. The she sharks of the metropolis exposed. By mail 30c.

CRIMES OF THE CRANKS. Men and women who have made insanity an excuse for murder. By mail 30c.

POLICE GAZETTE ANNUAL. Twenty spicy stories by the best sensational writers of the day. By mail 30c.

ESPOSING THE BANDIT: Lives of Erl-GANDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. By mail 30c.

SECRETS OF THE STAGE. The Mysteries of the world behind the scenes unveiled. By mail 30c.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM. The best and cheapest book ever published; 150,000 copies already sold. By mail 30c.

MYSTERIES OF NEW YORK. Light shed on the dark side of the Metropolis. By mail 30c.

ONEY ISLAND FROLICS. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys enjoy themselves by the sea. By mail 30c.

PATENT POLICE GAZETTE BINDERS. Will be sent to any address in the United States on receipt of \$1.50. Back numbers of the GAZETTE can always be obtained by addressing the publisher.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square and Dover Street, N. Y.

The Trade supplied by The American News Company, New York News Company and National News Company, New York, or any of their branches throughout the country.

Army Officer's Testimony. Captain

JOSEPH L. HAYDEN, residing at No. 924 Fourth Street, South Boston, Mass., formerly captain in the army, now with the Walworth Manufacturing Company, South Boston, writes, April 28, 1883: "While living in Cambridgeport my wife was afflicted with terrible pains in her back and sides, accompanied with great weakness and loss of appetite. She tried many so-called remedies without avail, growing rapidly worse, when her attention was called to Hunt's Remedy. She purchased a bottle from Lowell's drug store, in Cambridgeport, and after taking the first dose she began to feel easier she could sleep well, and after continuing its use a short time the severe pains in her back and side entirely disappeared, and she is a well woman. Many of our relatives and friends have used Hunt's Remedy with the most gratifying results. I have recommended it many times, and as many times heard the same story. Hunt's Remedy is a remedy that is claimed for it, and a real blessing to all afflicted with kidney or liver trouble."

Made a Man of Him. Mr. C. O. Wheeler.

No. 23 Austin Street, Cambridgeport, Mass., makes the following remarkable statement. On April 27, 1883, he writes as follows: "I have been troubled with kidney disease for nearly twenty years. Have suffered at times with terrible pains in my back and limbs. I used many medicines, but found nothing reached my case until I took Hunt's Remedy. I purchased a bottle of A. P. Gilson, 630 Tremont street, Boston, and before I had used this one bottle I found relief, and continuing its use my pains and weakness all disappeared, and I feel like a new man, with new life and vigor. Hunt's Remedy did wonders for me, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it to all afflicted with kidney or liver diseases, as I am positive that by its use they will find immediate relief. You may use this letter in any way you choose, so that the people may know of a sure medicine for the cure of all diseases of kidneys and liver."

SPORTING RESORTS.

Important Notice to Advertisers.
The POLICE GAZETTE has now a guaranteed circulation of 200,000 copies each issue. This circulation embraces fully a million and a half of readers, about one thirty-fifth of the whole population of the United States, making it the best advertising medium in America. Our Advertising Rates, on and after April 1st, will be: Ordinary Advertisements \$1.50 net, Agate measurement, per line. Reading Notices \$2.50 per line.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Thomas Kearns. The turfite and horse-well fitted up Sporting Hotel, Forham, New York, and corner of 132d street and Seventh avenue, New York. The best wines, liquors and cigars, Oriole whiskey and Purly & Nicholas' Old Club brandy a specialty. Every accommodation for sporting men, and all the sporting papers on file.

The Champion's Rest. 923 Ridge Ave., near Wood street, Philadelphia. Arthur Chambers, retired light-weight champion pugilist of the world, proprietor—is the leading sporting house in Philadelphia. All the famous pugilists appear every Saturday night, and guests provided with the best wines, liquors and cigars. Admission free.

Captain James C. Daly, the Irish Champion Athlete. "Police Gazette" Sporting Hall, 205 Avenue A, between 18th and 19th streets. Boxing and wrestling every night by champions of the arena. Daly is always ready and on hand to box and wrestle all comers.

Cleary & Long's Noted Sporting House, gymnasium and sample room, 814 Vine street, Philadelphia. Call and see the great sporting picture gallery. All sporting papers on file. The best wines, liquors and cigars served by Mike Cleary, the noted pugilist.

The Great Sporting Rendezvous, the Aquarium, corner of Third Avenue and Twentieth Street, N. Y. The best wines, liquors and cigars. Sporting papers all on file, and every accommodation for sporting men. JOHN J. MADSEN, Proprietor.

Police Gazette Exchange, Sporting Headquarters, No. 279 Water street, corner Dover, New York city, six doors below the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House. HARRY MARTIN, Proprietor.

Pastime Park, Philadelphia. Great sporting resort. Joe Acton & Hoyle, Proprietors. Best wines, liquors and cigars. Large running track, gymnasium, etc., for athletic events, open all the year round.

The leading Sporting House of the Pacific Coast is kept by Percy Hogan at 1 Morton Street, San Francisco. Sparring and singing nightly.

Harry Hill's Great Sporting Variety Theatre, 26 East Houston St., New York. Variety and boxing performance every evening. Sacred concert every Sunday night.

Jem Coyne's Sporting House, "The Office," cor. Hamilton and Columbia sts., Newark, N. J.

A SUNDAY TREAT!

THE ONLY

Illustrated Sunday Paper in America.

OUT EVERY SUNDAY,

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Fox's Illustrated
WEEK'S DOINGS

the brightest, snappiest and best sensational
Illustrated, Dramatic and

Sporting Sunday Newspaper

ever given to the public. Issued every Sunday
morning simultaneously in New York and all
towns east of the Mississippi River.

RICHARD K. FOX, Prop.

Subscription Rates: 1 Year, \$2.50;
6 Months, \$1.25. Specimen Copies
furnished free on application.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Epps's Cocoa.

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in this (L-2) brand (b) by grocers, 1, New James Epps & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 238 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the "POLICE GAZETTE" photographer.

The Fine Cat Links Used on Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings and the POLICE GAZETTE are supplied by J. H. BUNNELL & Co., 7 Spruce street, New York. Western Branch, 90 La Salle street, Chicago Ill.

Horsemen.—Headquarters for all articles used by horsemen, works on the horse, horse pictures, road, track and racing pictures, celebrated horses, 200 subjects; veterinary instruments and horse goods of every description. Price list of 500 articles mailed free. J. H. TUTTLE, 78 Nassau street, N. Y.

Music Without a Teacher. Sopher's Instantaneous Guide to the Piano and Organ will teach any person to play a tune in 15 minutes. With 200 pieces of music. \$1. Come and see it. HEARN & Co., 339 6th avenue (near Bluxome's).

Policemen, Firemen, Letter Carriers, all the prominent pedestrians, prize fighters and sporting men are wearing shoes made by Bone's Bros., the POLICE GAZETTE's shoemakers, 201 Canal st., cor. Mulberry.

Get the Set of Twelve Pretty French Girls. Highly colored and in various interesting positions, 50c. per set; three sets, \$1.00. Stamps taken as cash. W. SCOTT, 39 Nassau street, New York.

40 New and Beautiful Chromo Cards, made in new type, an elegant forty-eight page, get bound. Floral Autograph Album, all for 15 cents. ESOW & Co., Meriden, Conn.

15 Photographs of Actresses in Stage Costumes (C. S. Bill Curiosity and 10 starting receipts, by mail, 30c. SHERWOOD & Co., Williamsburg, N. Y. (Box 63).

Fanny Hill Book of Beauty, Illustrated with 16 Photographs from Life, showing different styles. A few shrewd agents wanted. Sample copy 65c. AGENTS' SUPPLY CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

200 Popular Songs, no Two Alike, for 15 cents. Catalogue of 1,000 Useful Articles FREE. Address H. WEINMAN, P. O. Box 1,823, New York City.

"Fanny Hill" Book of Beauty, Illustrated with 16 Illustrations from Life, showing different styles. Sample copy 50c. GEN'L BOOK STORE, Talladega, Ala.

Too Funny for Anything. 15 Spirited Pictures showing a Young Married Couple in all sorts of antics. By mail 25c. WARREN & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poker!—If you want to win at cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat all sports. Address H. O. BROWN, Salem, N. H.

How to Win at Cards, Dice, &c. A Sure Thing. Sent free to any one. Address, WILLIAM SUTMAN, 65 & 67 Nassau Street, New York City.

Look! 2 Pictures of Female Beauties only 15c. 4 for 25c. With model love letter and catalogue. W. W. FOX, Fultonville, N. Y.

No Humber. Pk. 53 Transparent Playing Cards, (Guaranteed Genuine), \$1.00 by express; 2 pks. \$1.60. CARD CO., Catskill, N. Y.

"Wicked Nell," "Chicago After Dark," "Cranks Ann." Post paid, 25c. each. GEN'L BOOK STORE, Talladega, Ala.

Sensational Photos, Books, Cards, etc. Catalogue, Free; Samples, 10c. FRANK E. WRIGHT, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Biggest Thing Out. Illustrated Book sent free (new). E. NASON & Co., 111 Nassau St., New York.

2 Photos of Beautiful Ladies, 10c.; 12 for 50c. 25 songs, 10c. Catalogue, 3c. J. DEITY, Reading, Pa.

Divorces quietly, in a month; any state; all causes; advice free. MUNRO ADAMS, 234 B'way, N. Y. City.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLITT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Matrimonial Paper, ten cents a copy, by mail. Address FAMILY MIRROR, Wellerley, Mass.

Samples Stereoscope Views, 25c. Charm-ing Photos, 10c. F. S. BERGGREN, Syracuse, N. Y.

\$72 a week, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

4 Curious Love Letters. Hold your breath. Mail 10c. to H. M. RICH, Box 547, Baltimore, Md.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

15 Photos of Beautiful Actresses in 'Tights' for 25c. Address Box 133, Brooklyn, N. Y.

20 Stage Beauties for 15c. Newest Out. S. JOEL, 615 North 6th street, Philadelphia.

"POLICE GAZETTE" LIBRARY,

(OF NEW YORK.)

RICHARD K. FOX,

Proprietor and Publisher

Cor. Franklin Square and Dover Street.

Issued the 1st and 15th of every month.

Entered at New York Post Office as second class matter, subject to pound rates.
The only illustrated and sensational Library published.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One year.....\$3.00
Six months.....1.50
Three months......75
Single copies sent to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents.

No. 1.—A Spangled World, or Life in a Circus.

No. 2.—The Outlaw Brothers. Life and Adventures of Frank and Jesse James.

No. 3.—Paris by Gaslight, or Gay Life in the Gayest City in the World Exposed.

No. 4.—Cupid's Crimes, or the Tragedies of Love.

No. 5.—Billy Le Roy.

No. 6.—Life of John L. Sullivan.

No. 7.—Famous Frauds.

MEDICAL.

Important Notice to Advertisers.

The POLICE GAZETTE has now a guaranteed circulation of 200,000 copies each issue. This circulation embraces fully a million and a half of readers, about one thirty-fifth of the whole population of the United States, making it the best advertising medium in America. Our Advertising Rates, on and after April 1st, will be: Ordinary Advertisements \$1.50 net, Agate measurement, per line. Reading Notices \$2.50 per line.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Recommended by the Faculty.

TARRANT'S COMPOUND EXTRACT
OF
CUBEBS AND COPAIBA.

This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medicinal properties of the Cubebs and Copaiba. One recommendation this preparation enjoys over all others is its neat, portable form, put up in pots; the mode in which it may be taken is both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion.

Price \$1. Prepared only by

TARRANT & COMPANY,

Druggists and Chemists,

278 and 280 Greenwich Street, New York.
For sale by all Druggists.

A Positive Cure Without Medicines.

ALLAN'S SOLUBLE MEDICATED BOUGIES.

Patented October 16, 1878. One box No. 1 will cure any case in four days or less. No. 2 will cure the most obstinate case, no matter how long standing. No nauseous doses of cubebs, copaiba, or oil of sandalwood, that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coating of the stomach. Price, \$1.50. Sold by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular. P. O. Box 1533. J. C. ALLAN CO., 83 John St., N. Y.

Nervous Exhaustion.—A Medical Essay, comprising lectures delivered at Kahn's Museum of Anatomy on the cause and cure of premature decline, showing how lost health may be regained, and how to clear synopsis of impediments to marriage and the treatment of nervous and physical debility; by mail 25c. Address Secretary Kahn's Museum, 718 Broadway, N. Y.

A Card to all suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I will send you a card with cure, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

A Boon to Men Who from Indiscretions or other causes are weak, nervous and debilitated. This Marston's B. L. has effects a rapid and permanent cure in every form of nervous debility, premature decay, &c. without loss of time or money. Send for treatise. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 West 14th Street, New York.

"Meno sana in corpore sano." "A sound mind in a sound body" is the trade mark of Allen's Brain Food, and we assure our readers that, if dissatisfied with either weakness of Brain or bodily powers, this remedy will permanently strengthen both. \$1.—At druggists, and J. H. ALLEN, 315 First av., New York.

Manhood Speedily Restored by the use of Vitaline Treatment, which effectually cures nervous debility, lost virility, premature decay, and all troubles arising from over-work and excess. Sample of Vitaline mailed free, sealed, by addressing Dr. WHITTIER, 174 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

Manhood Restored.—A victim of fearful im- prudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham street, New York.

Self Cure Free. Nervous Debility, Lost

Manhood, Weakness and Decay. A favorite prescription of a noted specialist (now retired). Druggists can fill it. Address DR. WARR & Co., Louisiana, Mo.

Kidney and all urinary troubles quickly and safely cured with Doan's Santalwood. Avoid injurious imitations; use but the Doan's Santalwood. Full directions. Price \$1.50; half boxes 75c. All druggists.

Dr. John F. Ward, M. D., C. S., Eng. Special attention to Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Hours 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., 108 South St., New York.

Stinging, Irritation and all Urinary Dis- eases cured by Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection with Syringe combined. \$1. All Druggists. Depot 429 Canal St., N. Y.

Know Thyself! Heal Thyself! Valuable treatise, richly illustrated and self-cure, sent free. Address N. E. M.D. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Fuller's Youthful Vigor Pills. For lost manhood, impotence and nervous debility; \$2 sent by mail. DR. FULLER, 429 Canal st., N. Y.

Dr. Ricord's Essence of Life Permanently cures lost vitality in four weeks; failure impossible; \$3.00 per case. Office, 667 Broadway, N. Y.

Pennyroyal Pills are Safe, Certain, and Effective. Sealed packets, 3c. WILCOX SPECIFIC MEDICINE CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wine Men use Sheffield's Paste. 11 Vartek St., N. Y. Established 1852. No mercury. Beware of counterfeits.

Free.—Send for the Health Helper if you desire perfect health. H. H., box 104, Buffalo, N. Y.

American Star Soft Capsules the Best. Effect sure cures. All druggists.

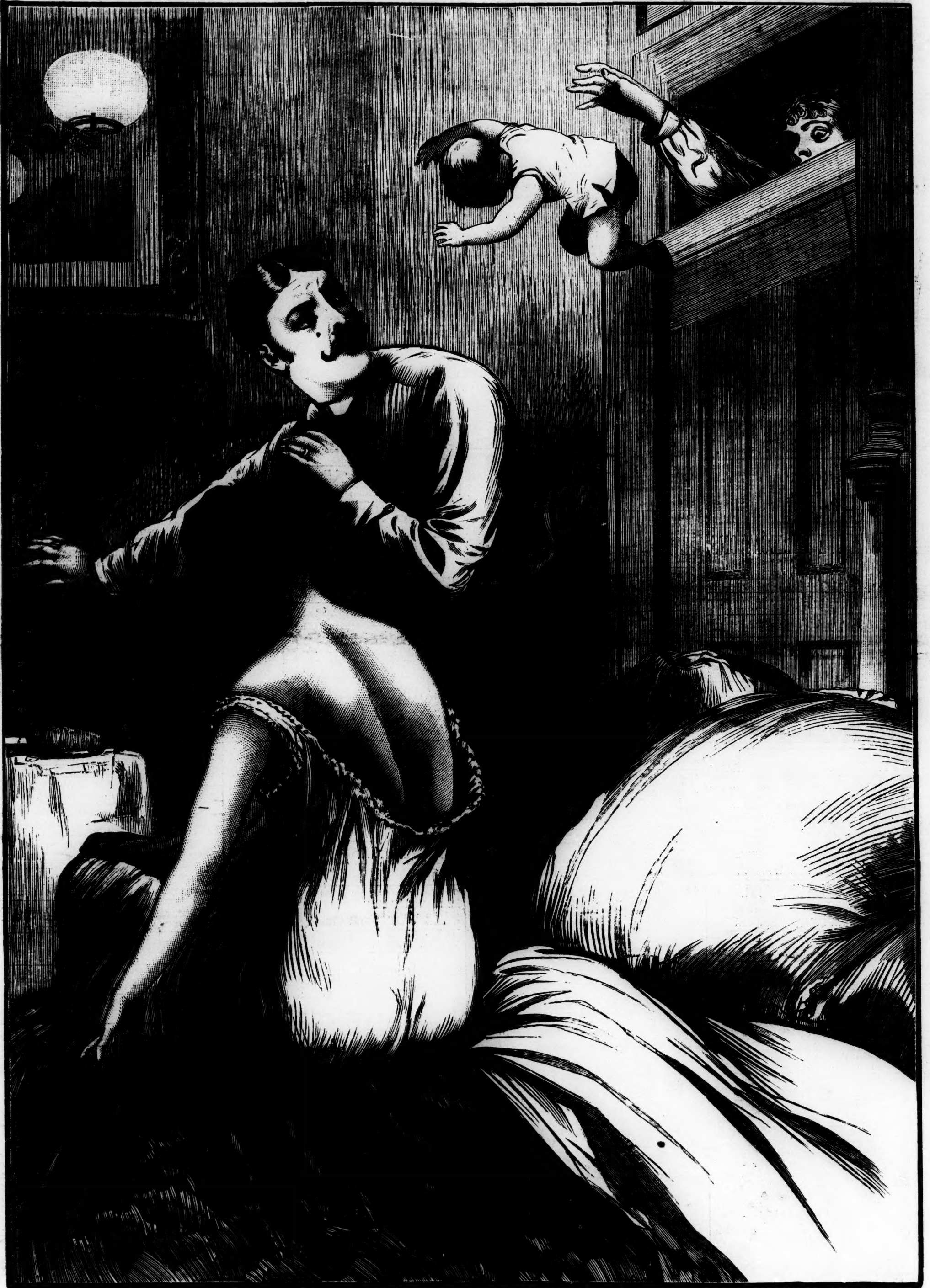
JEWELRY.

Lynch's Diamond Store at No. 925 Broad- way, near 21st street, New York. The best place to secure bargains in all kinds of jewelry and antiques. It is the best place in the city for bargains in diamonds and the firm has constantly on hand the finest assortment of diamonds, ear-rings, crosses, studs, rings, pink pearls, cats' eyes and all kinds of precious stones, silverware and antiques at 25 per cent. lower than any other house. Don't forget Lynch's, 925 Broadway, New York city.

The American Jewelry Company send free, by mail, an elegant illustrated catalogue of the best make of gold and silver Waltham Watches and latest styles of Diamond Jewelry, with prices attached. Address AMERICAN JEWELRY COMPANY, No. 5 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

D. Keller, 24 John Street, N. Y. Manufacturer of Medals. Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in gold and silver cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.

AGENTS wanted for the best selling Thieves and Detectives. "Professional Thieves and Detectives," by Allan Pinkerton. A large attractive book with 36 full page thrilling illustrations. One agent has sold 7,000 copies. Many agents are making \$50 per week. We want 1,000 more agents. I will like wildfire. The greatest chance to coin money ever offered. Write for circulars. G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York.



HE TOOK THE KID.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A FESTIVE DRUMMER WHOSE WEDDING TOUR TOOK HIM TO A HOTEL WHERE THERE WAS A PRETTY CHAMBERMAID WHO KNEW HIM.